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CARLYLE AND EMERSON ON GREAT MEN.

The lives of great men have always been an inspiring study for mankind.

“The lives of great men all remind us

We too can make our lives sublime

And departing leave behind us

Foot-prints in the sands of time.”

This is a sentiment as old as human nature itself. The ethical lesson of the lives of great men has been taught from the time of Plutarch onwards. But their chief use has been to point morals only. The study of the lives of great men as a part and parcel of History *i. e.* with reference to general, political, social or religious developments of their times is a later growth. It has come into being with the growing sense of the importance of the life of the people, of the confederate life of men acting in masses according to its own laws. Its date can be placed at the movement when the history of peoples, as distinguished from the history of political events, first came to be written. The lives of great men were now to be read, not by themselves, but along with and in the light of, the life of the people. Here was struck a note of difference. It became evident at once that there were two ways of looking at the relation between a great man and his time : first, from the great man to the time *i. e.* looking at time as the creature of the great man ; and secondly, from the time to the great man *i. e.* looking at the great man as a product of his time. Writers have ranged themselves on either side, according to their taste and predilections. Of the first of these two classes Carlyle, roughly speaking, may be taken as the exponent ; of the second, Emerson.

The respective positions of these authors are pretty clearly indicated by the very titles of the books they have written on the subject. Carlyle's great men are 'heroes' and he 'worships' them and invites others to worship them. Emerson, with a republican respect for the powers of common men, gives the title of 'representative men' to his great men, men who clearly represent ideas

shared, if less clearly, by all men of their age. While Carlyle says that the hero is everything, the people only his agent or instrument, Emerson says that the man or hero is nothing, but the idea which he represents is everything, just as a member of the Congress is nothing if he does not represent his constituents. This fundamental difference of opinion between these two great thinkers runs through all their outlooks, political or religious. In politics both were democrats, but there is a vast difference between a republican democrat, and a monarchical democrat. Emerson saw that nations moved by themselves, Carlyle saw, on the contrary, that nations are moved by their great men. Emerson saw nothing beyond the people, but everything for the people. Carlyle, on the other hand maintained that the people had a very important and respectable position in the state indeed, but they must be guided and kept in check, otherwise they are apt to go astray.

Then in religion, Emerson was a unitarian, differing in all that unitarianism implies from Carlyle who, though not a churchman, was yet a deeply pious Christian. His doctrine of hero-worship is at bottom a religious doctrine. The hero, to Carlyle, is of the class of which Incarnation is the highest type. "If all things that we look upon" argues Carlyle, "are emblems to us of the Highest God, more so than any of them is man such an emblem." So bending before man becomes a reverence done to the diviner revelation in flesh. Carlyle goes on to prove that loyalty and religion are based upon hero-worship. "Hero-worship, heart-felt prostrate admiration, boundless submission to a noblest god-like form of man is the germ of Christianity itself" says Carlyle. The hero is easily the product of such a spirit and the object of such a worship.

Carlyle's creed on the whole was a condemnation of atheism, atheism with regard to God, as well as atheism with regard to man who is the 'true shekinah of God' as he calls it. Thus hero-worship is but one corollary of this general creed. This general horror of atheism was so great in him that whatever philosophical opinion emphasised the importance of general causes seemed to him to deny the great spiritual forces at work. Carlyle hastened to embody these spiritual forces in his heroes.

But Emerson recognised no heroes or demi-gods. "The gods of fable," he says, "are the shining moments of great men." He does not believe in Incarnation, nor does he admit any external influences, revelation or other, coming from outside the world, upon the life of man. Our very theism, according to Emerson, is the purification of the human mind. The theme of many of his discourses is the infinitude of the private man. The independent inviolability of every human soul is for Emerson a cardinal fact. "Man can paint or make, or think of nothing but man" says this poet and priest of man. Thus Emerson is intensely human, and if he ever reaches the divine it is by

following the line of human progress through science and philosophy as a necessary consummation of the human plane.

This being so, it is not very surprising that Carlyle should define history as the biography of great men or that Emerson should insist that humanity is the right point of history. Let us illustrate their stand-points by two characteristic passages from their writings. Carlyle says, "All things that we see standing accomplished in the world are the practical realisation and embodiment of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world." Over and against this we may quote Emerson's words "that whatever is best written or done by genius was no man's work, but came by wide social labour when a thousand wrought like one, sharing the same impulse." Both seem to overstate their cases. It cannot be doubted that Carlyle's position is mainly correct, for the power to reform, improve and renovate, implies greatness in the man who has such power. But then, the number of such great men is practically infinite, so that the difference between the hero and the common man is more apparent than real. Carlyle seems to have felt this when he introduced such men as Johnson and Burns into the pantheon of his heroes. He might have introduced many more if he had thought sufficiently long. Thus we see the 'hero' merges in the 'man' and that a 'hero' is but a big man, and a man but a small 'hero'. The difference is one of degree and not of quality as implied by the phrase 'sent into the world' in Carlyle's proposition. Emerson is on the other hand too enthusiastic about his 'wide social labour' to remember the individual. So far as we can see, every great work is not the result of such confederate labour. To look upon every great thought as a "quotation" from the thoughts of all men is stating something which cannot be proved and is like losing the tree in the wood. Carlyle has the reverse illusion viz. that of losing the wood in the tree.

According to Carlyle the hero is essentially a divine person. The great man, says Carlyle, with his free force direct from the hand of God is the lightning. He is not of the substance of which we common men are made. Carlyle likens common languid times to dry dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of Heaven to kindle it. Once the divine spark strikes his time all blazes around him into fire like his own. Carlyle enquires no farther back into the matter. He takes no count of the innumerable small rays of the vulgar sun-light which his hero, ever so unconsciously, has drawn into a focus before flashing it upon the world as lightning. This is a fact which Emerson never loses sight of. The whole Scandinavian mythology, says Carlyle, is the portraiture of the one man Odin. Similarly Luther is the father of the Reformation and Reformation is the progenitor of the Puritan Revolution and the French Revolution. True enough as far as it goes, but Carlyle might have gone one step further back and said that

the Renaissance was the cause of the Reformation, only to find that he could point to no one person at the back of the Renaissance. The defect of his theory is that he stops at his hero as at the first cause.

If Carlyle is the converging or centripetal force Emerson is the opposite or centrifugal force. True to his republican training, Emerson says in direct antagonism to Carlyle's theory that "the genius of humanity is the real subject whose biography is written in our annals." The aim of the study of individual great men, according to Emerson, is to reach an elemental region as he calls it, where the individual is lost. No personality can fence the thoughts and feelings that break out there—it is the proper place for the genius of humanity to stand upon. Emerson has little faith in the original man. We have not had the best benefit of any genius, he says, so long as we believe him an original force. He must permeate the world with his substance and become one with us to help us most. Emerson's great man is the great average man. Plato is such: men see in him their own dreams and notions. The heroes of the hour are relatively great, of a faster growth or born with a quality in request at the time. "They are our loftier brothers but one in blood." As to their influence, great men not only influence, but are also influenced, by their times. Just as leaders of men not only lead but are also to a large extent led by their followers, exactly so, if in a less degree, are great men in relation to their times. People would not follow an individual, unless they see their own thoughts and aspirations working in him. 'Great men', so long as they are original men, may strike them by their originality, but not attract them. The innate sense of large masses of men is in the right, in refusing blindly to follow originality wherever it may lead them. This Carlyle does not see—he calls most men fools and finds their salvation only through the great individuals.

Whatever may be the relation of great men to their times on one point both Carlyle and Emerson are agreed that they are not merely representative, but also corrective of their times. Emerson has the insight to find that when the ideas of the time are in the air and infect all who breathe it, the great transcend, fashions by their fidelity to universal ideas and save us from the federal errors of our contemporaries. It is this foundation on the universal truth that Carlyle insists upon as the indispensable condition of a great man—he must see through the shows of things into things themselves. But there is a distinction without a difference between the two views. Carlyle says virtually that great men live and move by universal laws except when they go wrong, and in those cases they follow the times. In other words the merits of great men are their own, *i. e.* universal (Carlyle's hero being an universal being) the faults, of their times. Emerson says, on the other hand, that great men follow their times as a rule, in exceptional cases only, when the times go wrong, they strike

out a line of their own. In other words, the merits as well as the defects of great men belong to their times—universal ideas only diminish the latter, while their personality accentuates both.

In treating of large questions of humanity, Carlyle and Emerson are imbued with two different spirits. Carlyle is pre-eminently the lover of action. He is convinced that this is a world in which much is to be done and little to be known. The historical spirit which is the spirit of action, is therefore very strong in him. His great men are the great heroes of labour, Emerson's great men are heroes of thought. Carlyle's spirit is also the religious spirit. He arranges his heroes on the scale of religious quality—Divinity, Prophet, Priest, etc. In Emerson the philosophical spirit is predominant. According to him men are representative of things and ideas. He grades four of his representative men according to the main trend of their thought as philosopher, mystic, sceptic and culturist. Plato, Swedenborg and Montaigne are types of three distinct planes of thought varying between the material world and the spiritual world. Plato combines the material and the spiritual in the most exquisite proportion. Swedenborg leaned too much on the spiritual side, while Montaigne stood midway between the two, without caring much for either.

In harmony with the difference between Carlyle's hero and Emerson's great man is the difference between the kinds of service they are supposed to render mankind. Carlyle conceives his heroes to act as leaven in the mass of the people of their time and subsequent times. But the kind of service Emerson conceives his great men to do is indirect. He does not believe in direct giving or direct serving. Man is indigenuous and education is his unfolding, says he. The best teachers can only incite and provoke men to self-development, the lives of great men are mirrors in which we small men try to see ourselves reflected. We are elevated through emulation of what man can do. Emerson has a mistrust of instruction. When a powerful mind has instructed men he finds examples of oppression. He quotes the dominion of Aristotle as a case in point. Moreover the power which great men communicate is not theirs. When we are exalted by ideas, we do not owe this or that to Plato or Shakespeare, but to the idea to which Plato and Shakespeare were debtors. Emerson refuses to consider the work of a greatman as final in his department. With each new mind, Emerson thinks a new secret of Nature transpires. Every great man is an exhibition in some quarter of new possibilities. The perfect truth is the combination of all partial truths, thus discovered by different great men. But Carlyle works out a sequence and succession according to which the hero is re-born as it were, into the world, first as divinity, then as prophet, then as poet, then as priest and lastly as man of letters. Carlyle thinks these to be the permanent types of great man, and their order to be fixed for all time.

Emerson takes care to tell us, however, that great men are not a caste by themselves. He assures us that as to what we call masses and common men in fact there are no common men. If some appear to be great and others common it is only because we do not see the company long enough for the whole rotation of parts to come about. This belief in the ultimate salvation of all men is of a piece with the larger belief in the final transformation of matter into spirit through the mind of man. It is interesting to note, by the side of the above statement of Emerson, the essential oneness of Carlyle's heroes. According to Carlyle all great men are originally of one stuff, it is only by the world's reception of them, and the shapes they assume that they appear so unmeasurably diverse. Carlyle's hero is a homogeneous being. He says "I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be all sorts of men." Thus the fact and the prophet are fundamentally the same, having both penetrated into the sacred mystery of the universe. It is circumstances only, and not unfrequently a mere accident, that determines whether a hero is to turn a poet or a prophet or a great legislator or warrior.

Carlyle's emphasis is, as we said before, on the sincerity and universal truth of great men, whereas Emerson emphasises their receptiveness. Carlyle attributes Napoleon's grand success to his sincerity and innate sense of truth and shows that his fall is clearly due to his loss of this sense and the consequent love of sham. Emerson, in his characteristic way, attributes Napoleon's success to the fact that Napoleon was the faithful representative of the democratic classes. He was the pattern democrat. But as he had the virtues of the masses of his constituents, says Emerson, he had also their vices. And these vices proved his ruin.

Now, on the whole, Carlyle's conception of the hero as the sole reformer and guide of the world is not in keeping with the modern ideas of progress. That nations have a motion of their own, Carlyle would not admit. Far less would he admit that the great man is the creature of his time. "We have known times call loudly enough for their great men," he says, "but not find him when they called." The great come of themselves and change the face of the world. But how are we to know these great men, for the great man so often does come to his own and his own receive him not. Surely the test of success is no sure test. Many bad men have had success in this world, on the other hand Dante was not a successful man, still less was Burns.

Carlyle asks us to find in any country the ablest man that exists there, then to raise him to the supreme place. Then we should have a perfect government for that country. But he does not tell us where to find the Lord-protectors to whose almost despotic guidance he advises us to trust ourselves. But one good service he has done to history. He has revolutionised the mind of the world

with regard to the majority of his heroes who, before Carlyle wrote, were all classed as Burke classed Cromwell, as 'great bad men'. The world has had to modify its opinion in the light of Carlyle's remarks. But the biographical view of history implies the weakness of unqualified approval of all a hero's actions, as has happened in Carlyle's estimate of Cromwell, his favourite hero. Emerson wrote as a counterblast to Carlyle's doctrine, but his work is on the whole more destructive than constructive. He opens his sketches of great men with a pretty full score to their credit, but goes on detracting from it on this head and that, till he brings them to a level with the mass of whom he says, they are but representative. Emerson has done this systematically throughout his *Representative men*: first the good points and then the defects. Whatever may be the intrinsic truth in either theory, one thing is sure that Carlyle wrote with an earnest and full heart and that his work will live, if as nothing else, at least as an English classic. But Emerson's book will have the interest which belong to his personality only. After all we have said of Emerson's conception of great men we cannot say in one word what they are. But Carlyle's idea of his hero stands out clear and distinct. The hero is like Moses on Pisgah, the man who alone saw the promised land and through whose agency only all other men were to see it.

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SPENSER—A STUDY.

The power of Spenser's genius does not consist in any deep analysis of human passion nor in any skill in the delineation of character. He is unsurpassed in the richness of his imagination. His art of brilliant description to represent events enabled him to represent events and objects with an intensity that makes them visible and tangible. "He describes to the eye and communicates to the airy conceptions of allegory the splendour and vivacity of visible objects. His power of imagery is almost unequalled. His "Faery Queen" which contains in itself almost all the qualities that beautify the rest of his works, is full of brilliant and famous passages to illustrate this truth. For example, in describing the fight of 'Redcross knight' with the "Foule Error" he says:—

"There with she spewed out of her filthie mow
 A floud of poyson possible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh, and gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vilely, that it forst him slacke,
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe ;
 Her vomit full of books and papers was,

With loathly frogs and toads which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy grass :
 Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has,
 "As when old father Nilus gins to swell
 With timely pride above the Ægyptian vale,
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale :
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
 Ten thousand kinds of creators, partly male
 And partly femall, of his fruitful seed ;
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed.' I. 1. 20—21.

Then again in canto 2 of the same book what a vivid picture do we get of Morphens with his "lompish head" and "drowned deepe in drowsie fit." Besides, all the fights that Spenser describes between his knights themselves or between them and the terrible giants, dragons and monsters that they encounter, are all more or less marked with his power of splendid colour and imagery. There are also other innumerable show passages—eg. The House of Pride, The House of care, The cave of Despair, the entrance of Belphebe, the Treasury of Mammon, the Gardens Aerasia, the Marriage of the Thams and the Medway, the false Florimel, the Processions of the Seasons and months—which are most generally known as the grand purple patches diversifying his Fary Queen. The "Bower of Bliss" through which Sir Guyon is led in the last canto of the second book is another picturesque piece of description—with a flowing melody of diction, fresh and sharp imagery, and a sound allegorical presentment. Now and then there comes a long-drawn but glorious simile that presents a vivid picture before our eyes with a few artful and magical touches such as one we come across in the fourth canto of the fourth book :—

"Like as in sommers day when raging heat
 Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,
 That all brute beasts forst to refraine fro meat
 Doe hunt for shade where shrowded may lie,
 And, missing it, famine from themselves to flie ;
 All travellers tormented are with paine :
 A watry cloud doth over cast the skie,
 And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
 That all the wretched world recomforteth againe." (IV. 4. 47.)

The House of Care and the Temple of Venus are also brilliant descriptions full of allegorical meaning. The stanza describing the beauty of Spenser's bride in his 'Epithalamion' is a beautiful piece of picture.

"Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
 So fayre a creature in your towne before?
 So sweet so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beautyes grace and vertus store:
 Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead yvory white,
 Her checks lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips lyke cherris charming mens to byte,
 Her brest like to a bowl of creame unerudded,
 Her paps lyke lyllis budded,
 Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
 And all her body like a place fayre,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
 To Honors seat and Chastities sweet bowre,
 Why stand still ye virgins in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 "Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring.
 "But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively spright,
 Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
 Medusaes amazefull hed,
 There dwells sweet Love, and constant chastity,
 Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honour, and mild modesty;
 There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
 And giveth laws alone,
 The which the base affections doe obey,
 And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
 We thought of things uncomely ever may
 "Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once scene these her celestial treasures,
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayss sing,
 That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring."

The flowing grace, the sensuous elegance, the almost cloying melody of diction, the wonderful purity and dignity of sentiment of such stanzas of the Epithalamion are its additional qualities over and above that of picturesque description. Thus it may well be asserted that as a narrative and descriptive poet Spenser yields to few in the literature of the world. The endless series of charming shows and pictures he leads us through in his *Faery Queen* make us feel to be living in a sort of dreamland of the Fairies for the time being. Incident after incident and scene after scene are brought in with a wonderful rapidity of movement to charm our eyes and captivate our mind. He seems to have an inexhaustible treasure of show galleries at his command and can produce them at a moment's call for the brilliancy of effect. His power of imagination, fancy, and art of descriptive narration have made him equally loved by the child, the youth and the old. Who would be loath to leave for a moment the tame common place world of his every day life and to breathe in the sweet and delicious atmosphere of romance and lofty idealism?

Of his treatment of external phenomena it may be asserted that he excelled only in broad effects. The illimitable wideness of great plains and the billowy vastness of primeval forests—it was in these aspects of nature that Spenser excelled.

The next important thing to consider about Spenser is his allegory. Critics are hopelessly divided about this particular characteristic of the poet. There are some—Milton, Dowden, Ruskin, Percival and others—who maintain that Spenser in the very first place was a moral teacher or poetical philosopher. There are others again of the school of Hume and Lowell—who hold that the "true use of Spenser is as a gallery of pictures" and that whenever in Spenser we come across a moral it gives us a shock of unpleasant surprise. Courthope goes by a golden mean of these two extremes. He says that morality or allegory was not the main thing to him but it was interesting so far as it served the purposes of his poetry.

His allegory falls into two distinct classes—the pastoral and the chivalric. His first attempt in allegory was with the pastoral kind. He discusses high questions of state and morality under the allegorical guise of his 'Aylogus' in *Shepherd's calendar*. The unmatched power of vigorous allegory he was to show later on appears here in such pieces as "The Oak and the Briar." It is in his "*Faery Queen*" that he deals at his best with chivalric allegory. There the allegory is sometimes political, as in the "Legend of Artigall or of Justice," oftener religious as in the expedition of the Redcross Knight, the allegorical type of Holiness to rescue the ancestral realm of his mistress Una, the representative of Religion from the foul dragon of Heresy. Very often again it is

moral as in the legends of Temperance in Book II, of Chastity in Book III, of Friendship in Book IV, of Courtesy in Book VI; and sometimes it is purely personal in which the identification is sometimes quite clear as that of Gloriana, Britomart and Belphebe with Queen Elizabeth, of Duessa with Mary, Queen of Scots, of Arthur with Leicester and so forth and sometimes quite perplexing. "These double meanings, says Mr. Saintsbury, "are at times very puzzling. But it is always possible to enjoy the poem without troubling oneself about the allegory at all, except in its broad ethical features which are unmistakable.

Undoubtedly he had his predecessors in allegory in his own land. Googe had composed a set of eight eclogues which might have had some influence on Spenser's 'Calender'. In Sackville again we may easily notice an obvious indication of Spenser. His "Induction" and "the Complaint of Buckingham" are the allegorical presentments of embodied virtues and vices. Saintsbury is bold enough to declare that "if the Induction had not been written, it is at least possible that the Cave of Despair would never have enriched English poetry."

The allegory of Spenser is quite safe in the first two books of the Faery Queen, but in the third and fourth books it breaks down. The first two books also preserve the organic purity of the poem by making opportunities for Arthur—the one central idea of the whole story—to come and help Holiness and Temperance in their failure. The other books suffer by not keeping up their connection with the character of Prince Arthur and by bringing in a multitude of irrelevant episodes to predominate over the main idea.

There are other defects too in the Faery Queen on its epical side. It suffers grievously from a lack of human interest. We can't believe in the reality nor consequently concern ourselves with the fortunes of beings who are mere abstractions. Spenser also suffers from a lack of realistic minuteness. For example the fight between the Redcross knight and the Foulle Drayon occupies some 500 lines but the matter is not long enough for that. It is in these points that Spenser sadly yields to Ariosto whose "Orlando Furioso" was undoubtedly the immediate cause of Spenser's writing of the Faery Queen. The idea first occurred to him by the reading of that Italian romance. Ariosto did not however suffer like Spenser for want of unity or human interest or in a minute sense realistic verity and proportion in his poem. Still Spenser must be said to have outdone his model in the strength of his imagination, pictorial fancy, fineness and delicacy of his character and his beautiful female portraits.

The female characters of Spenser are coloured with an amiable purity and refinement of feeling. His studies of womanhood extraordinary in their variety and subtlety are being sources of education. "Age after age the best of English

Youths has learned to adore the female virtues in Spenser's exquisite series of full length portraits of Una, Arnoset, Britomart, Belphoebe, Hosimel and Serena." In these stainless and tender creations Spenser taught the wild men of his own age "the rude rabblement and the Braggadochio of Eliza's savage Court to honour and submit to the inherent majesty of woman. Indeed this teaching of moral and refined mental accomplishments was the one object with Spenser as he himself has professed. "The general end of all the Booke" writes Spenser to Sir Walter Raleigh "is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline."

Spenser also deserves a high place for his charming diction and versification. He composed his poems in the spirit of a painter and a musician. He had an exquisite ear for the softest melody and perhaps the keenest of eyes for the most hidden beauty. No English poet is more exquisitely and uniformly musical than Spenser. Both his metre and diction are inexceptionably melodious. There are innumerable passages in his works which the reader would gladly get by heart for the sake of their music alone. The English language naturally rude, monosyllabic and unharmonious had been softened into melody by Chaucer under the Italian influence until in power of musical expression it was little inferior to the tongues of Southern Europe. The forms of Italian versification were again largely adopted by Wyatt and Surrey. Spenser with his insatiable taste for melody was not satisfied with all this precious heritage and therefore forged for himself a sweeter diction and a more musical form of versification of his own. Ben Jonson Complains that Spenser "writ no language" because his dialect is not the dialect of any actual place or time and is an artificial poetic diction made up of Chaucer, of Northern dialect, of classicisms, of foreign words and of miscellaneous archaisms from no matter where. But the end of all dictions is only a beautiful and satisfactory effect and the diction of Spenser by more than meeting that requisition has earned arguments enough for it.

His Epithalamion or the "song of love and jollity" as he calls it, his four beautiful hymns on earthly and heavenly love and beauty, as well as the 'Amoretti' or his love sonnets are all uniformly melodious throughout.

"Wake now my Love, awake ; for it is time ;
 The rosy morn long since left Jithons bed
 All ready to her silver coche to clyme ;
 And Phoebus gins to show his glorious hed,
 Hark ! how the cheerful birds do chaunt their lais
 The merry Larke her mattins sings aloft,
 The Thrush replys ; the maids descant plays ;

The Puzell shrills ; the Ruddock worbles soft ;
 So good by all agree with sweet consent,
 To this days merriment.
 Ah ! my deere Love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 of' awayh the comming of your joyous make
 And hearken to the beds love learned song,
 The deawy leaves among !
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing
 That all the woods their answer, and they eccho ring."
 (Epithalamion)

(ii) "Hath White and red in it such wondrous powre,
 That it can pierce through the eyes unto the heart,
 And there in stirre such rage and restlenes towre,
 As nought but death can stint his dolours smart ?
 Or can proportion of the outward part
 Move such affection in the inward mynd,
 That it can rob both sense, and reasonblynd ;
 —Hymn on Beautie.

(iii) Sweet is the Rose, but grows upon a breere,
 Sweet is the janipeer, but sharpe his bough ;
 Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere ;
 Sweet is the Firbloome, but his branches rough ;
 Sweet is the cypresse, but his rynd is tough ;
 Sweet is the Nat, but bitter is his pill ;
 Sweet is the Broome-floure, but yet sowre enough ;
 And sweet is mohy, but his root is ill,
 So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more :
 For easie things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
 Why their should I accompt of littie paine,
 That end less pleasure shall unto me gaine"
 —Sonnet

The chief thing that has enabled Spenser to influence effectively the later ages is his special stanza metre—commonly known as the "Spenserian stanza." He manufactured his new metre from chaucer's eight lined ballad strophe of the form ab ab bc bc. To the eight lines, each of ten syllables, which compose this form of metre, Spensers exquisite taste and consummate ear for harmony

induced him to add an Alexandrine as the ninth, which being of 12 syllables winds up the stanza with a "long lingering cadence of the most delicious melody." The metre of Spenser *ab ab bc bc c.* was very complicated and required the frequent recurrence of similar rhymes in each stanza namely four of one ending, three of another, and two of a third. To meet this necessity he was frequently obliged to take considerable liberties with the orthography and accentuation of the English language. By doing this Spenser joined to the stiff metallic speech of England something of the flexibility of the liquid Italian. Some critic says "his was the only metrical invention that can be traced home to an English poet." It was little appreciated and only incorrectly imitated in his own age. But from the middle of the 18th century when it was revived by Thompson in his *Castle of Indolence* and Akenside in his "Virtuoso" onwards to Tennyson and later it was the characteristic metre of English romance. To Byron, Shelley and Keats it proved particularly attractive. Shelleys *Revolt of Islam*, and *Adonais*, Keats *Eve of St. Agnes*, and Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* are all written in the Spenserian stanza. But none of these have been used with more success than Spensers. "Its sinuous and voluptuous melody, so subtle long drawn and majestic." The allegory of Spenser also had a lasting influence on later editors. The two brothers Giles and Phineas Fletchers were both imitators of this great master of allegory. In both Giles "Christ's victory and triumph" and "Phineas' Purple Island" a minute description of the human body in all its anatomical details we see traces of Spensers musical diction as well as of his lofty and philosophical tone.

Spenser has entered into the very "blood and bone" of English poetry. He was early distinguished as the poets poet and in successive generations has continuously influenced imaginative and enthusiastic young men. Poets like Dryden and even Pope—the most unnatural of all admirers have read him with pleasure and acknowledged their debt to him for stimulating their love for the poetic art. Then with the romantic revival in Thompson, Collins, Shensone, then in Shelly, Keats, Byron, Wordsworth and later on in Tennyson and even in Browning Spenserian elements are discernible. He is still said to be the English criterion of romantic virtues, of candour and courtesy in a man and of dignified sweetness in a woman. "His types says one are without our realisation of the fact the ideal portraits which we like to point to or those of the noblest specimens of our race and creed."

Last of all we should say something about his platonic philosophy. His ethical teaching is most obvious in the *F. Q.* which is after all an allegory of embodied virtues and vices where the good does finally triumph after long and severe conflicts with the bad. But like most moral teachers he teaches best when his thoughts are least bent upon teaching.

At Cambridge he had moved in an atmosphere of Platonism, Cheke and Ascham regularly betised on the Socratic dialogues at Cambridge during his residence there. The poet exgerly reimbibed his humanistic teaching of this philosophic education are noticeable in his two hymns on Love and Beauty which use in away the special fruits thereof. Visible things the poet taught in his hymn on Beauty are the patterns of things invisble.

"What time this worlds' Great Workmaster did cost
To make all things such as we now behold.
It seems that he before his eyes ead plasts
A goodly patterne, to whose perfect monld
He forhioned them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemly they appeare.
As nonght may be ammended any where."

Beauty is not only an image of the Divine mind but an informing principle in the soul.

"Thereof it comes that these faire'sonles, which have
The most resemblance of that peavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave
Their fleshly fyuse, mot fit for their delight,
An the grosse matter by a souveraine might
Temper so firm, that it may well be same
A pallance fit for such a vergin queene."

"Putting Shakespere aside" says Mr. Saintsbury "in degree as well as in kind only two English poets can challenge Spenser for the primary. There are Milton and Shelley.

INSTITUTE NOTES.

We began the year under very favourable auspices. His Honour Sir William Duke paid us an informal visit on the 15th of January and was shown round the Hall and the Reading room by Sir Gooroodas and other members of the Executive committee. That His Honour was impresed with what he saw is evident from the kind grant of 500 Rupees which he made to the Library. We are all very thankful to His Honour for the kind interest he has been taking all along in the affairs of the Institute and hope he will long continue to do so.

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We also came in for notice from a still higher quarter. His Excellency the Viceroy in replying to the deputation that waited on him on the question of the proposed new University at Dacca, had occasion to remark that the social life

offered by this Institute appeals to the few. While admitting the truth of the remark we might however be permitted to point out that as it is we are not in a position to take sufficient care of those members we have. We want a grant for the Library to make it as much as possible up-to-date. We want more money for our athletics, which department is at present crippled for want of funds. And we should also like to have a little more space to move ourselves freely.

However it is a matter for congratulation that the work which the Institute is doing amongst the students of Calcutta is recognised even by the Highest authority of the land.

On the 4th of February we had a fancy dress social to celebrate the close of the cricket season. It was a very interesting function and an offer of medals to the two best dresses added to the attraction of the meeting. Some twelve different dresses were worn and the most noticeable were the Burmese, the Kabuliwallah, the Darwan, the Sannyasin, the Greek soldier, the Jew, the Mahomedan gentleman and the Japanese. Mr. R. D. Mehta presided. And the prizes were awarded to the Kabuliwallah and the Burmese.

The meeting separated after light refreshments and speeches from gentlemen present.

* * *

The event of the session came off on the 18th of February. The memory of the oldest junior number does not recall such a successful river-party like the one held this year. We hired the S. S. Buckland and about 400 junior members were present. We left the Chandpal Ghat at 11-30. The programme began with a chorus led by our old friend Jnanpriya Mitra. The day passed off very merrily and all the members enjoyed themselves. There were sports organised by Mr. K. K. Dev. in which the more active spirits took part. In the tug of war competition the Presidency College team beat hollow the Scottish Churches and the Law College teams, and the Bachelors were more than a match for the married men.

Whilst these were going on small parties engaged themselves by playing cards, word making and other games of similar nature.

Refreshments began to be served from 1 P. M. These were prepared under the supervision of the junior members themselves and were of excellent quality. No one was stinted and every one was satisfied with the arrangements. After the refreshments were over the senior members were treated to a display of various card tricks which they greatly appreciated. In the lower deck the junior members were amusing themselves with comic ditties and music and great

merriment prevailed all over the steamer. When the party landed at Chandpal Ghat at 5-30 every one felt that a most of enjoyable day had been spent.

A reference here must be made to the kind words with which Nawab Abdur Rahaman Bahadur and Mr. R. D. Mehta praised the work of the junior members.

The junior members also lustily cheered their seniors as they left the steamer.

A word of thanks is also due to the senior under secy in charge S] Naresh Chandra Mitra for the great labour he ungrudgingly performed in collecting the subscriptions and making arrangements.

COLLEGE NOTES.

(February—March.)

The College Session is practically closed ; only classes in Clinical Medicine and Minor Surgery in the Senior Course are still going on. At present we are having the classes two days in the week and we should rather have them every-day, if possible, and thus finish the course at the earliest opportunity for they are held at a very untimely hours for the students who have to attend their hospital work in the morning.

The University Examinations begin in April. Curious enough, there will be no Final Medical examination this year except for those who got plucked last year and some who got their L. M. S. before and intend to be Bachelors of Medicine. Henceforth the final examination will be held at the end of the sixth year.

"The momentous changes announced at Delhi," as they call it, has affected us also in some way. Our Principal Colonel Drury goes to Bihar as its Inspector-General of Civil Hospitals, Colonel Calvert is lifted to the principalship and some one else outside Calcutta comes to take the place of Col. Calvert. Regarding this latter vacancy two names are in the fore. Many of us would like to have Major Waters, who was amongst us here before as officiating Surgeon and Professor, back again as a permanent incumbent of the post. But there is a strong rumour that Dr. Dean of Darjeeling, a senior officer to Major Waters, is the Government nominee. We should wait and see.

Col. Maynard, Surgeon to the Eye Hospital and Professor of Ophthalmic surgery, who had our entire sympathy during his recent serious illness, goes home to recruit his health and Captain Munro is working in his place. We wish Col. Maynard God speed in his journey and happy return among us after regaining his health in the congenial climate of his home.

The new building "the IVth block as they call it" with its magnificent clock tower is finished and is in full use now. It contains the College office, a spacious, well equipped common room for civil students and lady students respectively,

and a huge lecture gallery in the ground floor, a magnificent well furnished library and Reading Room, probably the first in all the Calcutta Colleges at present in the first floor, and an examination Hall on the top floor, strewn from one end of the building to the other, fully equipped with separate seats combined with writing desks. Another building is going to be built very shortly accommodating the students' Refreshment Room, for the establishment of which the students are entirely grateful to Col. Drury.

The autograph portraits which Their Imperial Majesties were pleased to present recently to the college has been very decently framed and hung up in the landing of the grand stair case of the 11th block. Another signed portrait of His Majesty in his Colonel's Uniform has been placed in the students' Common Room.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

1. We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.
2. Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives all its flavour.
3. From sunshine to the sunless land !
4. Strike while the iron is hot.
5. He jests at a scar that never felt a wound.
6. Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
7. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven.
8. Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
9. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest.
10. Procrastination is the thief of time.
11. 'Tis pleasant sure, to see one's name in print
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.
12. In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies,
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Prize-winners for the last month

1. Probhat Chandra De, 3rd year Ripon College.
2. Kalipado Basu, 3rd year S. C. College.
3. Nerode Behari Mallick, 3rd year S. C. College.
4. Surendra Nath Bhattacharyya, 3rd year Ripon College.
5. Panchanon Bhattacharyya, 2nd year Presidency College.
6. Jatindra Nath Ganguly, 3rd year S. C. College.

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.....

The hills with towering summits rise,
And with their beauty charm the eyes,
Gay with the giant trees which bright
With blossom spring from every height;
And as the soft wind gently sways
The clustering blooms that load the sprays,
The very trees break forth and sing
With startled wild bees' murmuring.
Thine eyes to yonder Cassias¹ turn
Whose glorious clusters glow and burn.
Those trees in yellow robes behold,
Like giants decked with burnished gold.
Ah me, Sumitrā's son, the spring,
Dear to sweet birds who love and sing,
Wakes in my lonely breast the flame
Of sorrow as I mourn my dame.
Love strikes me through with darts of fire,
And wakes in vain the sweet desire.
Hark, the loud koil swells his throat,
And mocks me with his joyful note.
I hear the happy wild-cock call
Beside the shady waterfall.
His cry of joy afflicts my breast
By love's absorbing might possessed.
My darling from our cottage heard
One morn in spring, this shrill-toned bird,
And called me in her joy to hear
The happy cry that charmed her ear.
See, birds of every varied voice
Around us in the woods rejoice,
On creeper, shrub, and plant alight,
Or wing from tree to tree their flight.
Each bird his kindly mate has found,
And loud their notes of triumph sound,
Blending in sweetest music like
The distant warblings of the shrike.
See how the river banks are lined
With birds of every hue and kind.
Here in his joy the Koil sings,
There the glad wild-cock flaps his wings.

The blooms of bright Asokas¹ where
The song of wild bees fills the air,
And the soft whisper of the boughs
Increase my longing for my spouse.
The vernal flush of flower and spray
Will burn my very soul away.
What use, what care have I for life
If I no more may see my wife,
Soft speaker with the glorious hair,
And eyes with silken lashes fair?
Now is the time when all day long
The Koils fill the woods with song,
And gardens bloom at spring's sweet touch
Which my beloved loved so much.
Ah me, Sumitrā's son, the fire
Of sorrow, sprung from soft desire,
Fanned by the charms the spring-time shows
Will burn my heart and end my woes,
Whose sad eyes look on each fair tree,
But my sweet love no more may see.
Ah me, Ah me, from hour to hour
Love in my soul will wax in power,
And spring, upon whose charms I gaze,
Whose breath the heat of toil allays,
With thoughts of her for whom I strain
My hopeless eyes, increase my pain.
As fire in summer rages through
The forests thick with dry bamboo,
So will my fawn-eyed love consume
My soul overwhelmed with thoughts of gloom.
Behold, beneath each spreading tree
The peacocks dance² in frantic glee,

¹ "The *Jonesia Asoca* is a tree of considerable size, native of southern India. It blossoms in February and March with large erect compact clusters of flowers, varying in colour from pale-orange to scarlet, almost to be mistaken, on a hasty glance, for immense trusses of bloom of an *Ixora*. Mr. Fortune considered this tree, when in full bloom, superior in beauty even to the *Amherstia*.

The first time I saw the *Asoc* in flower was on the hill where the famous rock-cut temple of Kārlī is situated, and a large concourse of natives had assembled for the celebration of some Hindoo festival. Before proceeding to the temple the Mahratta women gathered from two trees, which were flowering somewhat below, each a fine truss of blossom and inserted it in the hair at the back of her head. As they moved about in groups it is impossible to imagine a more delightful effect than the rich scarlet bunches of flowers presented on their fine glossy jet-black hair." FRANKENS, *Gardening for India*.

² No other word can express the movements of peacocks under the influence of pleasing excitement, especially when after the long drought they hear the welcome roar of the thunder and feel that the rain is near.

¹ The *Cassia Fistula* or *Amaltās* is a splendid tree like a giant laburnum covered with a profusion of chains and tassels of gold. Dr. Roxburgh well describes it as "uncommonly beautiful when in flower, few trees surpassing it in the elegance of its numerous long pendulous racemes of large light-yellow flowers intermixed with the young lively green It is remarkable also for its curious cylindrical about two feet long, which are called mon-

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{ APRIL 1912.

CARLYLE: HIS LIFE AND DOCTRINES.

I.—Carlyle as a Man.

In the face of Carlyle's own dictum that "no mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen without saying something," it is not without some trepidation that this short account of him has been undertaken. Since this will necessitate the recording of many disagreeable incidents relating to him, it would be well for the reader to bear in mind Shakespeare's famous aphorism "our mere defects prove our commodities."

"As in every kind, there is a genuine and a spurious, so there are genuine Men of Letters, and not genuine," and certainly Carlyle was nothing if not sincere—"genuine."

We shall pass rapidly over his early life : born in the little Scottish town of Ecclefechan in 1795, he received his early training at home. At the age of 10 he was sent to the Grammar School at Annan, where he suffered from the brutal and uncouth handling of his mates. Later he was sent to study at the University of Edinburgh, where he spent a sordid and insipid 5 years. He seems from the first to have shown a special aptitude for Mathematics. He left at the age of 19, without a degree, and succeeded Edward Irving, whom he had known at Annan Grammar School and with whom he contracted a close and continued friendship, on two occasions : first as Mathematical Master at Annan and then in the same capacity at Kirkcaldy. While thus engaged he met Miss Margaret Gordon, doubtless the Blumine of the *Sartor*, and one of Irving's most brilliant pupils. Her estimate of his character, shown in a letter to him when she was leaving to marry "Herr Towgood" displays wonderful insight : "Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved." Here she strikes the keynote of his character : outstanding yet intolerant and uncharitable genius.

On his resignation two years later, in 1818, there followed a period of severe mental stress : assailed by doubts as to the efficacy of contemporary

religious ideas, he finally cast them aside as the fruit of "spiritual paralysis." And yet he realised the inadequacy of materialistic philosophy ; thus he was in danger of falling between two stools :—doubt as to the religion of his childhood, and repugnance for the "motive-grinding" "logic-chopping machines" of the "profit—and—loss philosophy" of Bentham. "He was wandering through the valley of the Shadow of Death," a howling wilderness of despair, in the "dimness of anguish," cringing in fear at the sequel to death. "Only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes, might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within." Suddenly, as if the creator had cried "fiat lux," there came light ; his manhood had asserted itself in a spirit of defiance—may of indignation—at the terrors of death. The Devil lays claim to all the Universe, and the answer is "I am not thine, but free, and forever hate thee." Some one has happily defined character as "completely fashioned will ;" if this be so, then in all these earthquake tremors and crumbings Carlyle's will had suddenly sunk and settled on a foundation of living rock, and on it he erected his Character-Edifice. This was his "Baphometric Fire-baptism, the most important transaction in life."

After this he commenced to study German, and in consequence developed a high regard for Jean Paul Richter and Goethe. But in addition to his other troubles, physical infirmities took hold on him rendering his ill-natured and impatient disposition still more irritable and peevish. A visit to Glasgow in 1820 resulted in a meeting with the keen, penetrating Dr. Chalmers, whose estimate of Carlyle it is well to note : "he is a lover of earnestness, more than a lover of truth."

Two years later followed an important event in his private life—his introduction, while on a visit to Irving at Haddington, to Miss Jane Welsh. Meanwhile he had been engaged upon a life of Schiller and a translation of Wilhelm Meister. The essay on proportion affixed to his translation of Legendre's Geometry, would, says De Morgan, have gained him distinction as an expounder of Mathematics. Remuneration for these productions enabled him to extend a helping hand to his two brothers Alick and John.

There are several foibles in Carlyle's character, but by far the most unlovely trait is the rank ingratitude—nay, the resentment—which he displayed towards anyone who did him a service ; as though he was far too superior a being to be beholden for anything to well-meaning mediocrity ! Thus, his next employment as tutor to the two young Bullers was marked by many gracious favours and kindnesses bestowed upon him by the parents, and, *Proh, Pudor!* his only thanks is "the Bullers are essentially a cold race of people. I was selling the very quintessence of my spirit for £200 a year."

In 1825 he retired to the little farm at Haddon (or Hoddam) Hill for quiet and leisure. His acquaintance with Jane Welsh, the cynical precocious "mocking bird," had meanwhile gradually ripened into love. But both were as proud and unbending as Lucifer. Finally, although neither had shown any disposition to be accommodating, they were married in 1826.

And now we come to a new period: his married life at Craigenputtock. Whatever else Carlyle may have been, he was an execrable husband: crabbed and disagreeable, he became a constant source of exasperation to his brilliant and sensitive wife. But although ill-tempered and sour, he loved her deeply, and always looked out for her appreciation. Doubtless he is thinking of himself when he quotes Mahomet in the Ayesha and Kadajah incident. "No! by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that!"

He now made the acquaintance of several prominent persons, among them being Jeffries of the Edinburgh Review, and Thomas De Quincey, whose exquisite harmony and sweetness of expression, interlaced with fantastic and gorgeous imagery, shows a marked contrast to his own Titanic energy, and rugged and forceful phraseology. Surely if De Quincey is a prose artist, then Carlyle is a prose warrior. His writings resemble the rude, gigantic mythological conceptions of the old Norse Bersarks, whom he so much admires. They present a picture of an island "burst up by fire from the bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and lava, swallowed many months of every year in black tempests, but with a wild gleaming beauty in Summer time; towering up there, stern and grim, in the North Ocean; with its snow jokuls, roaring geysers, sulphur pools and horrid volcanic charms, like the waste chaotic battlefield of Frost and Fire."

He was now struggling with the *Sartor*, and after much toil and travail he produced it in 1831. Mrs. Carlyle pronounced it "a work of genius," but the *Sun* described it as "a heap of clotted nonsense." He had, previous to this, in Richter, Novalis, and Schiller, displayed a grasp of German Literature which stamped him its ablest English critic. It was during this period that he met two remarkable men: Ralph Waldo Emerson and John Stuart Mill, with both of whom he made intimate friends.

We have already alluded to Carlyle's base ingratitude and we now have to record another disagreeable action. After the essays on *Diderot* and *Cagliostro*, he aspired to a chair at Edinburgh University, but Jeffries would not recommend him because of his religious tendencies. For this, in bitter spite, he alludes to Jeffries in his *Reminiscences* as a "little man who meant well, but who did not see far or know much."

Tired of the life at Craigenputtock, he repaired to London in 1834 and took a house in Cheyne Row. Here we find the beginning of a new period. The first part is marked by the death of an old friend, Irving. After this he set to work upon the *French Revolution*, and, working hard at it, completed it in 1835. The manuscript was lent to Mill and was accidentally destroyed, but in a burst of magnanimity Carlyle forgot his own loss in the distress of his friend. Mill, however, insisted on his accepting £100 to tide over difficulties. The book was recommended and was finished in 1837. It is a deprecation and bold denunciation of all dilettantism and cant and "loud-sounding inanities and futilities," and finishes by propounding the doctrine that the Spiritual Force in Great men fashions the World's History. In short the book teaches that charlatany ends in anarchy, and anarchy finds its consummation in despotism. So much for the matter; as to the style, Carlyle said he meant to "splash down what he knew in large masses of colours, that it may look like a smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance."

Then followed the eminently successful lectures "on German Literature," "on a History of European Literature," "on Revolution," and "on Heroes." His next production was "*Past and Present*," an indictment of the present by comparison with the past; teaching the old doctrine of St. Simon "*L'âge d'or, qu'une avengle tradition a placé jusqu'ici dans le passé est devant nous*"—The Golden age which a blind tradition has placed in the past, is yet to come. This was followed by the able and appreciative *Life of Cromwell*.

A visit, in 1846, to Ireland led to a meeting with O'Connor, and nothing can equal the withering scorn with which he dubs the great Irish leader, the "Démosthenes of blarney."

The Negro question called forth the flaming *Latter Day Pamphlets* against false philanthropy. The scurrilous invective in these pamphlets utterly alienated Mazzini and Mill, so that in the *Life of Stirling* he was careful, in inculcating the same lessons, to use more moderate and seemly language.

In 1850 he determined on writing a life of Frederick the Great, and in 1852 he set out on a tour to inspect the scenes of which his subject treated. He became a voracious and (as his work shows) a discriminating reader of German Literature of the period. Meanwhile he was defeated in his candidature for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University by Mr. Disraeli. Later, in 1874, Disraeli offered to confer on him the distinction of the Grand Cross of the Bath. Hitherto Carlyle had credited him with one redeeming quality—he was not Gladstone, though he was a "mouthing verbalist and juggling adventurer;" but this act of graciousness, Carlyle was forced to confess, was "heaping coals of fire on his guilty head." In 1858 he finished *Frederick the Great*, a gigantic

and thoroughly creditable business, in which he unravels and unwinds the frightfully tangled skein of European History of those times. In 1865 he was elected to the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University in preference to Disraeli, and his Rectorial Address marks the zenith of his popularity. Shortly after this his ever faithful and admiring wife passed away. The blow fell very heavily upon him, and in spite of his apparent interest in the Franco-German and Crimean Wars, he gradually sank till in February, 1881, he slid beneath the storm-tossed waves of life into the deep currents of Eternity.

II.—*Carlyle as a Thinker.*

"It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him"; and we shall therefore begin with this aspect of the matter in hand. To Carlyle's religion we may almost apply Hegel's touching lament over his own philosophy: "one man has understood me, and even he has not." Of course it is easy to select striking passages from his writings and dilate upon them, but when we try to probe beneath the visible surface into its essential character, we find ourselves baffled. Carlyle himself once said to Emerson "a pen expresses about as much of a man's meaning as the stamping of a hoop will express of a horse's meaning." We want, not "the profession and assertion from the mere argumentative region of the man, but the thing he does practically believe (and this, often enough, without asserting it even to himself, much less to others)."

That Carlyle sincerely believed in God's existence is sufficiently evident from a perusal of the first half of the lecture on Odin, and from such a phrase as this, "to the Atheistic Thinker, if such a one were possible." For Christianity in all its forms he has a deep reverence. Paganism he characterises as the reign of Force; Odinism he commends as a "Consecration of Valour; but Christianity enjoins a nobler kind of valour—Humility. Then again Paganism and Odinism both recognise the divinity of Nature; but Christianity goes further in recognising moral obligations—Duty without regard for Expediency. Hence we can understand his attacks on "Benthamee utility: virtue by Profit and Loss," instead of virtue through disinterested Duty.

Moreover he admired and advised active well-doing rather than passive goodness, "*Thou shalt* is written on Life in letters as terrible as *Thou shalt not*." But Carlyle was a man impatient of restraint; he could not submit to the laws of tradition, and consequently we find him breaking away from the old Presbyterian ties as being the fruit of religious anæmia. But he would not join the ranks of a fashionable Scepticism, "the sour fruit of the tree of knowledge." He complained that his was an age of "spiritual paralysis"; hardened around us,

encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of mere words," which hide from us the essential miracle in all Creation.

Another fancy of his was that of "Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on Eternity." The present gains its importance—nay even its significance—from the Eternity Past which produced it, and from the Eternity Future which will reap its fruit. We are all Sous of Time living in this Place of Hope ; our life is an incessant feverish race with Time ; "only by incessant Running, by incessant working, may you (for some three-score and ten years) escape him ; and you too he devour^s at last." All the Universe is a Sphynx-enigma and we must find our *raison d'être* or be destroyed. "O, the vast, gloomy solitary Golgatha, and Mill of Death."

As regards his beliefs about Immortality Emerson says he could never obtain a definite answer. At the time of his wife's death we find him in doubt ; but again we find him saying "all Death is but a Phoenix fire-death."

From what is "the most *important* fact with regard to him," we shall now turn to what is probably the most *interesting* fact—his political views. He started as a rabid Democrat, but he gradually emerged from "those soul-confusing labyrinths of speculative Radicalism into somewhat clearer regions." His confidence in the people gradually waned, till, in commenting on the system of election by ballot, he speaks of them (I quote from memory) as "an amazing collection of blockhead stupidity." He argues that of every ten men who have the privilege of voting, only one is worthy of having his opinion considered. So that the verdict of the people is seldom right ; and therefore, as to the dunce, "there is in this world no other entirely fatal person."

Thus we see that the only opinion which calls for consideration is that of the perspicuous thinker, and when we find the greatest of these (our true Great Man) it is our duty to obey him. For our Hero the indispensable qualification is sincerity : "not the sincerity which *calls* itself sincere ; ah, no, that is a very poor matter indeed ; oftenest self conceit mainly." Genuine sincerity permeates his soul as he sees into the inner essence and "Divine Significance" of things, and catches faint echoes of the harmonies in Nature—"the inspiration of the almighty giveth him understanding." This deep, ardent sincerity, generated by his intuitive perception, when it encounters cant and "spiritual legerdemain," explodes and blests it in a cloud of "sulphurous demunciation," hence we have our iconoclastic prophet—Mahomet, demolishing reformers—Luther and Knox, the hierophant of the Muses—Dante, and reconstructing tyrants—Napoleon and Cromwell.

Times of scepticism are as "dry dead fuel," which will burn with fierce intensity when set alight by the lightning out of Gods' hand—the Great Man.

They are critics of small vision who cry "Is it not the *sticks* that made the fire?", and urge that the Great Man is the creature of the Time; that the circumstances of the time offered opportunities to some man to prove himself great; that, in short, the times were such as to call forth the Great Man as a necessary adjunct. "Alas, we have known times *call* loudly enough for their Great Man; but not find him when they called! The Time calling its loudest had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come." In this connection we may deal with one of Carlyle's remarks which has provoked much controversy—his assertion that "the History of the World is the Biography of its Great Men." Here we have an instance of the evil results of descanting upon the face value of some isolated sentence without interpreting the author's real meaning. Such a phrase of his as "the *soul* of the World's History" or again "the *essence* of the World's History" though less striking is probably more explicitly indicative of his meaning.

Thus, on such a graduated system of "diluted worship" of great men modern society is based. These great men of society are, as it were, current bank notes, of which some may be forged; but when *all* prove to be forged, that is to say when all the leaders of society are specious humbugs and Cagliostro's, the people lose confidence in their Heroes, and as a result we have the crashings and crumbings of revolution. But here, as everywhere, "all death is but a Phoenix fire-death": from the ashes of revolution the Great Man arises in the form of the Tyrant King. "Can I choose my own King? I can choose my own King Popinjay, and play what farce or tragedy I may with him: but he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me by Heaven." Who does not feel elevated in looking up to and venerating Great Men? "Hero worship endures forever while man endures." "In which fact mayest thou discern the corner-stone of living rock, whereon all Politics for the remotest time may stand secure."

But we must not delude ourselves with the idea that Carlyle is an advocate of Polytheism, though *Pantheism* he certainly preaches. To him veneration for great man is equivalent to the worship of God. "We are the miracle of miracles—the great, inscrutable mystery of God," or, to quote St. Chrysostom, "the true Shekinah is Man." Therefore, as Novalis says, "bending before man is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh."

Now "no sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in Great Men," and surely no man has done so much to earn this rebuke as Carlyle himself. Although he eulogises such great men as Mahomet and Goethe, witness his strictures on the following: of John Stuart Mill, whose intellect was as gigantic as his own, but who had not his force of expression, he

says "his talk was all sawdustish"; of Emerson "his talent was not quite as high as I had anticipated"; of Macaulay's History which had run into four editions he said "a book to which four hundred editions could not add any value. It is full of rhetorical wind."

Such "fiery objurgations," which call to mind Livy's indictment of Quintus Fabius Maximus' Master of the Horse—"premedando superiores sese extolleba," have only served to injure Carlyle himself, so we can forgive him for them as no harm has been done.

His tirades against Darwinism, though, have been misunderstood: he declaimed, not against Darwin or his theories, but against the popular catchwords such as "Evolution," "The Progress of the Species" and the like, to which his treatise had given rise, and with which men were blinding themselves to the truth.

He tried on many occasions to write poetry, but failed miserably each time: Frande says "his genius was for fact, he could no more invent than lie." Therefore we get his infantile disparagement of poetry in characterising it "the mere tinkling of cymbals."

We cannot close without a few remarks on his style. This is, perhaps, best described in Carlyle's own account of Professor Tanfelsdrock: "Occasionally we find consummate vigour; his burning thoughts step forth in fit burning words, like so many full-formed Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head; all the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination, welded to the clearest Intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude. On the whole, Professor Tanfelsdrock is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs, the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed up by props (of parentheses and dashes); a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered."

His influence on contemporary thought was enormous because of the originality of his own thoughts; but his judgments of men, though equally original, have not been quite so happy, because, in his energy and virility he assailed and condemned indiscriminately: *vis consili expers mole ruit sua*." But in spite of his intolerance and rancour we feel that we must admire and respect him for his fearless outspokenness and deep sincerity, for which 'nature might stand up and say to all the world 'THIS WAS A MAN.'

G. BALLANTINE HALLORAN,

Presidency College.

hitherto, that a new spirit has to be evoked, that new forces and agencies have to be created. The country, I declare, is amply justified in demanding from our Universities a great deal more than they have accomplished hitherto.

That our Indian Universities have so far failed conspicuously to come up to the standard of the Western Universities, as briefly outlined, cannot be doubted. To say that they have failed to do so is, perhaps, not a very accurate expression; for one can hardly be said to fail in something at the accomplishment of which one has never aimed. But the fact remains the same. Our Universities have done teaching, even teaching of a high type; but the teaching has not matured that particular precious fruit which University teaching in the West bears in such increasing abundance. The Indian Universities have in fact contributed exceedingly little towards the advance and increase of knowledge. They may be said to have acted as faithful guardians of the sacred flame, but they have done nothing to make it burn brighter and higher so as to dispel in an ever widening circumference the darkness which surrounds human intelligence. In old days, India was one of the great centres of creative thought; we remember this with pride and we draw from it inspiring hope for the future. But, at present, we have fallen woefully behind in the great intellectual competition of the nations of the world; and those institutions on which there mainly devolves the task of promoting the intellectual re-birth and development of the country have never realised the full extent of their responsibilities. The time has come now thoroughly to diagnose this vital defect, and the result of the diagnosis requires to be declared in unambiguous terms by those to whom the guidance of the existing Universities is entrusted.

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But far be it from me to maintain that this feeling of sorrow is to be our ultimate feeling in the present circumstances. Far be it from me to allow that the note of these concluding remarks of mine should be one of unavailing regret. No, my friends,—Fellows of the University, Graduates, Undergraduates,—I call upon you all to meet the new situation in quite a different spirit, with clear eyes and hearts undismayed. Let us remember, to speak with Greek hero in Tennyson, that “though much is taken, much abides.” There are precious things, indeed, which nothing can take away from us. Calcutta may cease to figure as the Capital of India; our University may in future be in name a provincial institution. But no political or administrative change, no new distribution and allotment of rank and designation and artificial spheres of influence, can deprive us of the proud consciousness that in the great intellectual and social revolution which at present is transforming and we trust regenerating India, Bengal has ever been one of the foremost leaders, *the* foremost leader I make bold to say. No section of the Indian population has striven

more earnestly and enthusiastically to assimilate and make their own all the blessings of modern culture, science, and enlightenment ; none have shown themselves more ready and apt to qualify as worthy citizens of a truly modern and progressive common-wealth ; and the leader and main agent in this upward movement has ever been the University of Calcutta. We have honestly striven to maintain high standards and ideals ; we have never been slow to acknowledge new duties and to satisfy new demands springing from the needs of advancing time. Nor have these earnest endeavours been without their share of reward ; the name of our University stands high, our Degrees are esteemed and coveted on all sides. The seat of Imperial Government may be moved away from us ; districts and provinces may slip away from our outward grasp. But after all, again to speak with Ulysses, "that which we are, we are." There are many other wants that cry out to be satisfied. Let me just allude to two only—the question of the further development of the residential system and the problem, so often raised and so often set aside again, of some definite movement for the moral and religious training of our youth. These and similar questions, indeed, call for intensified, for redoubled activity. Let us then concentrate our thoughts on the various great tasks before us, and draw from the idea of duties and calls upon us, the strength required to overcome the regrets to which the past and the present may give rise. The past and the present are not, indeed, relevant and significant in the deepest sense ; truly relevant is the Future alone—that state of things which we are called upon to create by setting before us ideals and striving to realise them. The true realities, as a great philosopher has said, are not the things such as they are, but the things as they ought to be. In spite of seemingly adverse circumstances, it still lies with us not only to maintain the high position of our University, but even to raise it to a higher plane, to bring it nearer to that University which is the ideal, and, therefore, the truly real one. Whatever the present and the past may be and have been, the future belongs to him who wisely plans to resolutely act. Our great King-Emperor has told us that Hope is henceforth to be the watchword of India. We joyfully accept this word. But let us keep in mind that hope is unavailing unless it succeeds in inspiring and stimulating resolve and action. Our task is clear—we have to render perfect in every detail and largely to extend in one particular direction the activity of our University, so as to heighten its usefulness and maintain its pre-eminence. To effect this, let us dismiss all self-seeking and petty jealousies and mutual distrust ; let us combine in well considered action and be prepared to make whatever sacrifices may be required ; all this is possible to those that are animated by sincere good will. Let us only be true to ourselves, and there will be no danger of our University forfeiting a claim which it has acquired by noble work in the past—the claim to be designated "Prima in India."

THE UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION

EXTRACTS FROM THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

We have now reached one of the most critical periods in the history of our growth, and changes are impending, are in fact partly in process of accomplishment, which are likely to affect with very special force the University of Calcutta. On such an occasion as this, it is our duty to realise, as accurately as we can, the scope of our present activities, and the direction in which future development may be most profitably attempted.

The far-sighted statesmen, who assisted in the foundation of the Indian Universities, now nearly sixty years ago, aimed at the establishment of Institutions for the purpose of ascertaining by means of examinations the proficiency of candidates and of rewarding them by academic Degrees as evidence of their attainments. But though they thus intended the Universities to be examining bodies, they recognised at the same time a principle of vital importance, calculated in the fulness of time to transform these Institutions into teaching Universities, I refer to the fundamental principle that no student shall be admitted as a candidate for a Degree unless he has been duly trained and instructed in an affiliated College. The more intimate the relation between the University and the Colleges, the closer the supervision exercised by the former, the stricter the adherence of the latter to the academic Regulations, the more unquestionable is the truth of the Statement that the Colleges constitute an integral, an essential component of the University. From this point of view, it is fairly obvious to any unbiassed mind that the reproach, sometimes levelled against the existing Universities, that they are merely examining bodies and consequently educational agencies of an inferior type, does not rest on solid foundation.

CALCUTTA A TEACHING UNIVERSITY.

Let us suppose for a moment that the territorial sphere of this University were reduced to a few divisions or even to the city of Calcutta only. Even then the University would have to teach by delegation, that is, by entrusting the function of giving instruction to such Colleges as are willing to accept the Regulations and submit to the Examinations of the University. If it really was desired that Universities should be directly teaching bodies—the sphere of teaching remaining the same as now—either of two very radical plans would have to be adopted. The University might, in the first place, dispense with all the existing Colleges and itself provide teachers and professors in sufficient numbers to teach all students who wish to proceed to the Intermediate and B. A. Examinations : or in the second place, each existing College might be raised to the rank of an independent University. I shall not pause to consider the feasibility or the advisability of either of these schemes. The observations I have made, if

duly considered, further justify the inference that the criticism directed against the existing Universities that they are not residential in character is very wide of the mark. A University which has to rely upon the Colleges affiliated to it or incorporated within it, for the instruction of its students, has in the same way to look to the Colleges for suitable arrangements for their residence and supervision. That these arrangements have up to the present been in most places lamentably defective does not change the general position. Satisfactory improvement in this line can be effected in no other way than through the agency of the Colleges. The University can do no more than keep the Colleges up to the mark and insist on every possible reform to provide students with sanitary and convenient quarters and to arrange for fully effective supervision. Theoretically, no doubt, we might imagine the University of Calcutta—we need not concern ourselves for the moment as to what the possibilities of Dacca, Benares or Aligarh may be—set in imagine this University congregating all the Intermediate and B. A. students, who live at Calcutta, in one huge University hostel, and looking after them by means of University Superintendents and University Inspector. But would any one seriously contemplate a centralising scheme of this character? We all know on what lines the Government, under the guidance of our watchful and sympathetic Chancellor, who has fortunately for us fully realised the defect of the present boarding arrangements, are initiating improvements. What I have said suffices to make it plain that the University is and has ever been a teaching University—although like every other University which undertakes to control Intermediate and B. A. teaching for a wide circle of students, it has to do its teaching by delegation; it is further patent that it is a residential University in as much as it obliges the Colleges to which the teaching is entrusted, to make suitable arrangements for the residence of the students. That both the teaching in the Colleges and the residential arrangements are capable of very great development and improvement, we do not deny. But I must emphatically decline to admit that the University has so far failed in any way to cope with the task, exceedingly heavy as no doubt it was and is, of making adequate provision for the entire body of students which stands under its jurisdiction.

A NEW START REQUIRED.

Do I then mean to say, I may be asked, that the old Universities, among them in the first place our own University, really do everything that may be expected from an Indian University, that no advance is to be made but on the customary lines, and that hence there is no force whatever in the demands of those who contemplate altogether new developments of University teaching, of academic life and activity? To this question, I unhesitatingly reply that I am far from holding such a view. On the contrary, I am convinced that what our Universities require is an essentially new start on paths untrodden

to the highest point possible the study of Indian antiquities and the classical languages of India. At the same time we are considering measures for the preservation and encouragement of the indigenous learning of the country. In time, I hope that it will be possible to develop very considerably the oriental faculties in Universities, but the opinion of the distinguished orientalists who came to Simla last year was also almost unanimous that commencement should be made, in the first instance, with a Central Research Institute, and this, indeed, is supported by experience in other countries.

It only remains for me to address a few words to those who have received their degrees to-day, amongst whom I am glad to notice no fewer than 13 ladies. Remember that your education does not end with a degree. Your education hitherto has only been preparatory for the larger and sterner education of life and contact with your fellow-men. It is my earnest desire that you may be useful and loyal citizens, leading prosperous and happy lives.

And to you students, who are working for your future degrees, I would say be assiduous in your studies, remembering always that it is not by brilliant flashes but by sustained effort that success in life is attained. Lead healthy vigorous lives, seeking after the best and highest ideals and eschewing all that is decadent and corrupt. Let the message of Hope left by our King-Emperor inspire you to make greater efforts in the future for your own intellectual, moral and physical improvement, never forgetting the debt of duty that you owe to your own country. In this way you will fit yourselves for the high responsibilities of citizenship, which is the corner-stone of the great edifice upon which this Empire is based.

My concluding words to you are—Be true to your God, true to your Emperor, to your country, and true to yourselves. Follow these precepts and have no fear for the future of your country or of yourselves.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INSTITUTE.

The 18th Annual Meeting of the Calcutta University Institute was held on Thursday the 21st March at 6 P.M. Sir Frederick William Duke K.C.I.E., the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, presided. The hall was tastefully decorated with festoons and flowers. Four large Union Jacks added a touch of colour to the scene. There was a brilliant gathering. Amongst those present were :— Sir Harcourt Butler, K.C.I.E., Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, Kt., Sir Rajendra Nath Mookerjee, K.C.I.E., The Hon'ble Mr. J. G. Cumming, C.I.E., the Hon'ble Mr. C. J. Stevenson-Moore, the Hon'ble Mr. G. W. Küchler, C.I.E., Moharaja Ranjit Singh of Nasipur, Nawab Bahadur A. F. M. Abdur Rahaman, Nawab Siraj-ul Islam, Principal H. R. James, Mr. R. H. M. Rustomjee, the Hon'ble Mr. Devaprâsad Sarbadhikari, Mr. R. D. Mehta, C.I.E., Mr. A. W.

Watson, I.C.S., Rai Bahadur Dr. Chuni Lal Bose, Dr. Indu Madhab Mallick, Mahamohopadhyaya Kali Prosanna Bhattacharjee, Mahamohopadhyaya Dr. Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan, Mahamohopadhyaya Pramatha Nath Tarkabhusan, Prof. W. C. Wordsworth and a number of distinguished Professors from various Colleges. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity.

The proceedings commenced with the singing of a Bengalee hymn by Babu Jnanapriya Mitter.

THE HON'BLE MR. J. G. CUMMING, C.I.E.

The Hon. Mr. J. G. Cumming, President of the Institute, in moving the adoption of the annual report, dwelt on the salient features of the past year's work. He observed that the strength of the Institute had been the largest on record during the year, and it stood at a figure which represented one-tenth of the total number of the student community in Calcutta. There were special reasons why under-graduates should be members of an Institution like this, which was in the nature of an inter-collegiate society, and he trusted that in years to come the membership would steadily continue to grow. The chief requisite for further advance was the provision of satisfactory accommodation for the library and reading-room, and the idea that they should keep before them should be the provision of a suitable central site and of a building specially designed for the purpose. With regard to the library itself, there were a good many books in it of the type which Lord Rosebery called "dead books." He (the speaker) would like to see a large number of live books. He was glad to see that many interesting subjects had formed the themes of discussion during the past year, including an inquiry into the principles underlying the Co-operative Credit Society scheme. The athletic section of the Institute had also made steady progress. Well-wishers of the Institute might give an earnest of their sympathy by contributing in some form towards the supply of athletic equipment. There had been seven social meetings during the year. He ventured to hope that all would agree with him in thinking that the year's record was one of labour well spent and that their thanks were due to the members of the Executive Committee, especially their Hon. Secretary Professor B. N. Sen.

SIR GOORODAS BANERJEE, Kt.

Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, in seconding the motion, observed that the object of the Institute was to supplement the training given to the graduates and under-graduates in their colleges by helping them in their physical, moral, and intellectual training, by providing a suitable playground, healthful sport, social gatherings, and a well-equipped library and reading-room. The intercourse between students and professors and other members of the community was a means of moral culture. The care and attention bestowed on the students must produce a wholesome moral effect, and when students found that they were not

EXTRACTS FROM THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

Were I asked, Gentlemen, in what direction the currents of opinion and activity in our Universities are setting at the present time, I should reply unhesitatingly that they are converging on the fuller realisation of the idea of teaching and residential Universities. In saying this I would not wish to imply in any way failure on the part of this University in its task of coping with the provision of adequate facilities for the entire body of students under its jurisdiction, but, with Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, I would say that both the teaching in the Colleges and the residential arrangements are capable of very great development and improvement, especially upon the lines which he has indicated in the very interesting and instructive speech to which we have just listened. We are not blind to the good work which the existing Universities have done in their day; we are justly proud of their achievements. But we cannot be insensible to the change that has come through the atmosphere. Distance has been reduced by improved communications; centres of population have grown up pulsing and throbbing with new aspiration; some appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the old dividing barriers are breaking down. We feel the need for greater union and closer co-operation. We want to develop an identity and a character of our own. The modern Universities of Europe have well been described as the nurseries and workshops of intellectual life. We want all that this description implies in India at the present time.

The Universities Act of 1904 has prepared the way. That measure was keenly debated at the time, but few thoughtful people are insensible to its beneficent character now. It imposed as an obligation the systematic inspection of colleges, and it facilitated the creation of University professors and lecturers for the cultivation of higher studies. Indirectly also, it foreshadowed the beginnings of a residential system. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of inspection. By maintaining continuity of standard on the one hand and disclosing the needs of the colleges on the other, it draws together the Universities and the colleges and invigorates them both. The future historian of India will assuredly ascribe to the Universities Act a strong dynamic and vitalising influence on our system of higher education.

Under the able and effective guidance of our Vice-Chancellor, Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, whose reappointment has, I know, given widespread satisfaction and on whose expert assistance we shall rely in the forthcoming revision of the Regulations—under his guidance the Calcutta University has made considerable progress in the directions indicated by the Act. For inspection we have a whole-time salaried officer, and we have been able to associate with him professors of different colleges, to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude for the invaluable services which they have rendered without remuneration and

often at much personal inconvenience. There has been marked improvement, especially in the teaching of science, thanks largely to the liberal grants made by the Government of India to the University and to colleges. The colleges are, however, still deficient in accommodation, equipment, apparatus and libraries. All these are deserving and important objects on which expenditure must increase in the near future if we are to maintain a rising standard of education. The proper housing of the students has also received consideration. This is a matter in which I am personally much interested. I have lately made public reference to the subject and I need not repeat here my observations. Last year the Government of India made liberal grants for this object, and this year also further liberal provision has been made. The cost of land is a serious difficulty in Calcutta, but some progress has already been achieved. Again the University has commenced to teach, although at present on a modest scale.

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Impressed by the considerations, which are not peculiar to the Calcutta University, and remembering the stirring words which His Imperial Majesty addressed to the members of our Senate, the Government of India have decided to make a solid advance in the direction of teaching and residential Universities. They have allotted a recurring grant of 3 lakhs a year, of which the Calcutta University will receive Rs. 65,000 a year, for the appointment of Professors and Lecturers in special subjects and for the encouragement in other ways of higher studies and research.

They have allotted non-recurring grants amounting to 16 lakhs of rupees, of which the Calcutta University will receive 4 lakhs, for the provision of University buildings, libraries and equipment. In addition a special grant of 10 lakhs of rupees has been reserved for hostel accommodation in Calcutta, which will be non-collegiate in character. Another sum of 10 lakhs of rupees has been allotted for the development of accommodation in Dacca and the buildings required for the new University in that place. I hope that the liberality of Government will be supplemented by private liberality, and that before many years have passed efficient teaching Universities will take the place of the examining and federal Universities which we have to-day. I also hope, as I have already said, that teaching and residential Universities may be multiplied throughout India, for I believe that they will do great things for the improvement of higher education.

I trust that I have said enough to convince you how closely at heart the Government of India have the development of the Indian Universities on modern and sound lines. We have also drawn up a scheme for the creation of an Oriental Research Institute at Delhi, which will, it is hoped, give new life to the critical study of Orientalia and train up a class of teachers who will carry

a negligible and insignificant portion of the population of Calcutta, and that their careers were watched with keen interest not only by their teachers and professors, but also by the highest official functionaries of the State as well as by the Minister of Education, they must naturally feel a sense of their importance and with it a sense of their responsibility. Their constant coming in contact with officials and Englishmen would be helpful in fostering the union between Englishmen and educated Indians that was so essential to the prosperity of India.

The report was unanimously adopted.

THE HON. MR. KÜCHLER.

The Hon. Mr. Küchler, in requesting His Honour to distribute the prizes and medals, said that on the corresponding occasion last year his friend the Hon. Mr. Deva Prosad Sarbadhikari expressed a wish that the prize list had been bigger. Glancing through the list before them this year, the speaker was glad to see that there was a tendency for it to grow in the right direction. Whether it became larger or not, there was not the slightest doubt that it was of a comprehensive character. Whatever might be the general opinion as to the desirability of having annual prize-giving functions, there could not be the slightest doubt that inter-collegiate contests were of special value as they brought about friendly rivalry between the members of the various colleges in the city. For these reasons he wished the Calcutta University Institute every success and prosperity in the future.

Sir Frederick William Duke then distributed the prizes, consisting of books and medals, amongst the successful competitors.

SIR WILLIAM DUKE'S SPEECH.

His Honour said :—I have noticed with much pleasure from the annual report that the progress of the Institute has been well maintained in 1911. There is something to record in all sections of its activities. The library has been increased and the reading-room well supplied, although I should be glad to see these even more utilised than they are. The "University Magazine" unfortunately has had a somewhat chequered career, due apparently to the changes in the management, and I am sorry to see that the report notices a falling off in the quality of the matter published. I would draw your attention to the advantages of such magazines as affording a bond of common interest amongst the members, particularly those who may not be able to come to the Institute itself very frequently. But I would impress still more the advantages of such magazines as a training ground for literary aspirants. Contributors learn to set out their ideas on the subjects which interest them ; to choose subjects likely to be interesting to the fellow members and to feel their way towards the secret

of literary success in engaging the sympathies of others in their ideas. Seven general meetings were held and the subjects discussed at them were appropriate to University life and thought. The only fault to be found is that it was not possible to hold more.

The same may be said of debate meetings, of which there were only five. What I have said as to the magazine is equally applicable to debating societies. There, too, men learn how to define their ideas, how to set them out clearly, and the secret of enlisting the sympathies of others in them. Debating societies are everywhere a useful adjunct to University life.

The athletic section has on the whole been fairly successful. But in order to record better progress and more success in football and cricket, I think it is essential that more non-collegiate and other outside matches should be arranged. It is something that the continuous use of one tennis court in Marcus Square has now been secured; but, of course, a single court is very inadequate to the demands of such an institution, though it is hard to see how more space can be obtained in so crowded a neighbourhood. Badminton, too, has had to get on with a single court. I hope that, if not a tennis court, at least another badminton court may be obtained in College Square. The social side has not been neglected as seven entertainments have been held—some of them of peculiar interest, such as those to Mr. Ali Imam and Mr. W. C. Macpherson.

Generally I wish to express my strong feeling of the value of such an Institute as this as a centre of University life; that opinion has authoritative support is shown by the various distinguished persons who have presided over the fortunes of the Institute. Mr. W. C. Macpherson, Mr. Gourlay, Sir Gooroo Das Banerji and now my friend, Mr. Cumming, are all men who have the keenest interest in the welfare of the student community and who know the value to it of common institutions and a corporate feeling. They have laboured, therefore, and three of them who are still here (and you will be glad to know that Mr. Gourlay is about to return) will continue to labour to make this Institute a worthy heart and centre of student life in Calcutta.

The progress has been continuous. The numbers of both senior and junior have now reached the number of 560—the greatest that has yet been attained. The accommodation is the best of its kind in Calcutta. This hall at any rate is spacious, and the reading-room and library are reasonably adequate for the numbers which use them. But, gentlemen, I am ambitious for the Institute of much more than we yet see: if even our present membership used the Institute regularly the rooms would be very much overcrowded, but I cannot regard the present membership as anything like adequate in view of the many thousands of students in Calcutta. We ought to have four times as many members. It is true that those who reside in the larger and more comfortable college hostels can

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INSTITUTE.

there find certain conveniences—their own reading-rooms, their own games ; but that ought not entirely to take the place of the larger life of the University Institute. Also that favoured class is very limited, the majority have no such advantages. It is clear, therefore, that there ought to be a greatly increased membership, and I trust that all of you, bearing in mind the interests of the Institute, will do what you can to popularise it amongst your friends who do not yet belong to it. If the ambition of an increased membership can be realised, there will be all the greater necessity for the realisation of my other ambition which is to obtain more and worthier accommodation. I have said that these rooms represent the best that has yet been attained in this direction in Calcutta ; but I am in hopes that we shall yet see very much better. There is little use in appealing to ambition without ways and means to realise it. We are naturally poor : students are generally poor not only in Calcutta, but in most countries, and the one-rupee subscription is no doubt quite enough for the junior members ; but if there were more members, there would be more rupees. We have to look to some extent to outside assistance. There are private friends and, of course, there is always the Government. I am not going to commit government at present, it would hardly be appropriate, though if I could make the Member for Education commit himself I should be delighted. I trust, however, that their grant may be increased. Generally I would put it that we should all do what we can to secure the interests of friends outside in helping us to enlarge the resources and the scope of the Institute.

I have to congratulate you, sir, on your assumption of the office of President and I trust that when your year of office has expired, there will be much further improvement to record in all directions.

Babu Aghore Nath Ghosh and Babu Sishir Kumar Bhaduri, two junior members of the Institute, moved and seconded a vote of thanks to the chair.

Professor Benoyendra Nath Sen, M.A., Honorary Secretary of the Institute, in supporting the vote of thanks to the Chair, announced that Nawab Seraj-ul-Islam had signified his intention to give a gold medal in honour of the visit of Sir Frederick William Duke to the Institute that evening, to the writer of the best essay on "Loyalty," to be competed for by the members next year.

The singing of the National Anthem brought the proceedings to a close.

REVIEWS.

Earth Worm and their Allies.—F. E. Beddard.

The Modern Locomotive.—C. Edger Allen.

Prehistoric Man.—W. L. H. Duckworth.

These short studies on scientific subjects have been published by the Cambridge University Press at one shilling only.* Though cheap these excellent Monographs are the work of men who are recognised authorities on the subjects they deal with and within a brief compass and in a lucid style give the most up-to-date and accurate information. The letter press and binding are really excellent.

Nineteenth Century Essays.—Edited with introduction and notes by George Sampson, published from the University Press, Cambridge, price 2s. only. This small book of selections contains specimen Essays of Carlyle, Macaulay, Bagehot, Newman, Ruskin, Arnold and Stevenson. The notes are profuse and elaborate but does not contain more matter than what is necessary for an intelligent understanding of the Essays. The get up is very neat.

English Patriotic Poetry.—Selected and annotated by L. Godwin Salt M. A. Cambridge: at the University Press. Price 2s. The purpose of this volume is "to trace the growth of the patriotic note in English verse. Various poets from Edmund Spenser down to Mr. Rudyard Kipling are represented and the volume concludes with the National Anthem. There is a long and scholarly introduction and also a great number of explanatory notes.

The "Wealth of India."—We have much pleasure in introducing to our readers a new monthly Indian economic journal—the "Wealth of India" published by Messrs. G. A. Vaidyaraman & Co. of Madras. It is a monthly magazine full of varied information about the economic progress of India; it contains, besides the special article by the Editor on "The Rise in the cost of living," the cream of the articles in the various economic periodicals and notes and comments on a variety of subjects including, among others, Agriculture, Commerce, Coöperation, Banking, Business methods, and openings for Business. From all this it is evident that the magazine supplies a want in the Indian journalistic world. We wish it every success. The annual subscription is rupees three only. We hope the public—particularly, the student public—will extend to this instructive journal the patronage that it so richly deserves.

M. P.

FOR LAWYERS.

The Student's Handbook of Mahomedan Law by the Rt. Hon'ble Amir Ali, C.I.E., New Edition, revised and brought up to date. This is perhaps the best text-book of Mahomedan Law largely used in all the Law Examinations, and recommended by the Syndicate of the Calcutta University for the Law Examinations Rs. 3.

O'Kinealy Rampini's New Civil Procedure Code, with a Commentary by H. Stokes, Bar-at-law, with an **Addenda**, being the list of cases up to Oct. 1910. 2 Vols. Original Price Rs. 18. Reduced price Rs. 12 per set.

Indian Insolvency Act by R. G. M. Mitchell, Bar-at-law, with Notes, Rulings, Cases, &c., &c. Printing, paper, binding excellent. Price Rs. 2-8.

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Fields Law of Evidence in British India—Revised and Commentary brought up to date by Messrs. Pugh and Stokes, Barristers-at-Law, *Sixth Edition*. Rs. 12.

Beverley's Land Acquisition Act with Notes and rulings of High Courts in India; brought up to date by F. E. Pargiter, formerly Judge, High Court, Bengal, *New Edition*. Rs. 5.

Bengal Municipal Act by the same author. Rs. 5. Reduced price Rs. 2-8.

Sale Laws of Bengal being the Laws of Sale for arrears of Revenue, Putuni Rents and Public Demands by M. N. Roy, B.L., Subordinate Judge (Retd.) Rs. 4.

Law of Lunacy in British India By R. K. Doss, Bar-at-Law. Rs. 5.

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THE EXPANSION OF UNIVERSITY LIFE IN INDIA

The most important feature of University Education is decidedly the development of a healthy intellectual and moral life among the ever increasing number of students that are tempted to come to a university in quest of higher knowledge and better training. The object that a university has in view now-a-days is not therefore confined to controlling courses of study and instituting an endless series of examinations through which thousands of our boys have to pass from childhood to adolescence, until only a few of them emerge triumphantly in the Elysian fields of the B.A. degree ; it aims at creating a higher intellectual and moral plane for its students which affords sufficient scope for the development of their potentialities and the fulfilment of their aspirations. A university means much therefore that does not always form part of the connotation of the term. A university does not necessarily imply the existence of a university life in which the students that flock round it year after year or the institutions that are affiliated to it participate in some measure. It is a matter of common knowledge that judged by this standard the Indian Universities lag woefully behind. Here the University has hardly any corporate existence in the same sense as the University of Cambridge or of Oxford. The colleges affiliated to a university are scattered all over the country, away from the university and away from each other. No common feeling seems to unite them. They seem to follow their paths in independent and not infrequently jealous isolation. True university life aims at a more complete, more united and more comprehensive existence. A university is not merely an examining body now-a-days but a teaching institution—an institution which is concerned with handling the life-pulse of generations of youngmen and becomes a common source of light and inspiration to the colleges that come within its jurisdiction. That Calcutta University is making rapid strides towards the fulfilment of this noble ambition is a matter for sincere congratulation.

The Universities of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras were the first fruits of the famous Education Despatch of 1854. Those of Lahore and Allahabad came

later; but they were all founded upon the model of London University. Though much that goes to make up sound University Education is still wanting in them, still our universities have made "not slow but startling progress." The fact that the defects of the present system are coming more and more to light, as time goes on, is an unmistakable evidence of the great awakening of intellectual life that is pulsating and throbbing among the vast Indian population. Any one watching the progress of Educational movement in India cannot fail to be struck by the remarkable expansion of the Universities that has taken place within the last few years. The University Reform of 1904 inaugurated an era of intellectual activity and fruitfulness which is full of promise for the future. It has introduced not only a great specialisation of studies, but a system of University Lectureships and Professoriate calculated greatly to further the courses of Post-graduate study. Not only are the colleges beginning to realise a sort of corporate existence, but the students also are gradually coming to feel that they are members of a great institution drawn together by a common feeling of comradeship and by a common desire to utilise the forces that are converging towards the promotion of their Commonwealth. The Professors of colleges are being admitted into the inner sphere of the university's life, thus forming a band of noble workers in the cause of Education, where formerly we had a body of examiners composed of the same men, whose connection with the university mainly consisted in setting question papers and examining the students except the privileged few who were admitted once for all into the secret conclave of the University Senate.

Prior to the Reform of Universities there were only two university chairs,—if they could be properly so called—in the University of Calcutta. One was the Tagore Law Professorship endowed by one of the distinguished lawyers of the last century, and the other was Srigopal Basu Mullick Fellowship. They are not University foundations in the true sense of the term, for they are not controlled by the University; nor is attendance at the lectures included in any University course. So far as the Tagore Law Professorship is concerned, it seems high time, now that there is a Law College attached to the University, that the Fund should be placed at the disposal of the University for the creation of a university Professorship in Law. This suggestion was very happily put forward by the Vice-Chancellor himself at the last annual Convocation of the University and we hope that it will ere long be carried out. There can be little doubt that with an efficient staff of Professors, Readers and Lecturers, the University will be able effectively to provide for more advanced study and research which are regarded as the crying needs in every educational system all over the world.

The Government of India have recently earned the lasting gratitude of the people by devoting greater attention to the cause of the dissemination of knowledge, the noblest and at the same time, the most responsible duty which a civilised Government owes towards its subjects. Not only are they spending vast sums of money on Primary Education, but they have recently evinced a good deal of active interest in higher Education by making large recurring and non-recurring grants to the Universities. In Calcutta, two university Professors of Higher Mathematics and of Ancient Indian History, will shortly be appointed and maintained out of these Government grants. The present administration is sure to be memorable for the advancement of the cause of University Education in India. The attitude of our Chancellor himself towards the Indian Universities generally and the Calcutta University in particular, is calculated to inspire great hopes about the future of University Education in this country. The keen personal interest which His Excellency is taking in the welfare of Calcutta students, particularly with regard to their Boarding arrangements, will always be gratefully remembered by the rising generation.

It is very gratifying to note that the efforts of Government in this direction are being supplemented by private munificence. We owe many of the scholarships, medals and prizes which the University offers annually as encouragement to students, to public spirited gentlemen. But the record has been recently beaten by Mr. T. Palit, a distinguished advocate of the Calcutta High Court. He has made a gift of about 8 lacs of Rupees to the University of Calcutta. This magnificent donation is to be utilised in founding a chair of Chemistry and a chair of Physics and in fitting up a laboratory for the purpose of research. The foundation of these chairs will do incalculable good to the Science students of the University. We dare say that the name of Mr. Palit will be written on marble in letters of gold and his noble example followed by other wealthy men of the country.

In this connection we are bound to remember with feelings of gratitude the patronage which Government is extending in an increasing measure to the Calcutta University Institute. The place of an institution of this kind in the general university life of Students cannot long be ignored. As an only inter-collegiate club of its kind in Calcutta, it is bound to be resorted to by an increasingly large number of graduate and under-graduate students who at all care to take the fullest advantage of their university life. Judging from the interest which Government has of late been taking in this institution, it is not at all premature to hope that it will ere long have a better accommodation, greater resources and more adequate arrangements for Library and Sports.

But though the Government and the public are doing all that can be desired to increase the range and the breadth of university life among our

students, the success of these grand organisations lies truly in the hands of those for whom they are meant. It is not enough to have a university with a well equipped Library, an efficient staff of Professors, and other organisations for the development of the social and intellectual side of the university life of its students, the final success of all these depends upon the readiness on the part of the students themselves to turn them into best account.

INSTITUTE NOTES

We have opened our doors on the 17th of June. Our session commences from the 1st of July, and we advise all our old friends to renew their membership as soon as possible. We cordially invite all under-graduate and graduate members of this University, students of all colleges and classes to come and join us. Ours is a unique institution. We have the best possible situation, a splendid Hall, and a Library which soon promises to be very well equipped. We have already on our shelves more than two thousand volumes. We subscribe for all the principal periodicals,—Indian and foreign—all the leading dailies and all the leading vernacular papers of Calcutta. We have a Badminton Court in the College Square and a Tennis Court is soon to be laid out. We have two boats—the gift of Sir Rajendra Nath Mukherji—for rowing in College Square. We regularly play Cricket and Football in Marcus Square and there is a chance of getting a ground nearer home solely to ourselves. For the last two years our debating society is actively energising itself and we often listen to the best speakers of the city in our Hall.

* * * *

It is a great pity that we begin the session without the general presence of the Hony. Secy.—Prof. Sen. He is unfortunately laid up for the last two months with intestinal troubles and has at last been forced to withdraw himself from the field of active service for some time to come. May he soon recover and resume his work with renewed strength, is the prayer of every one of us.

* * * *

Before we conclude we will invite the attention of our members to that excellent institution—the Student's Fund. A two anna bit, once a month is not a very large sum and many a drop maketh the ocean. We have already about 50 subscribers but we want a good many more. We do not see any reason why the whole body of Junior Members should not contribute their mite to this fund. The management is in altogether able hands. A perusal of the annual working reports would bring the matter home to many. The demand on the fund largely exceeds the supply. We hope no one of us would grudge a penny to his poorer brother in need.

The Imperial Reception Committee recently made a generous gift of the sum of Rs 315 to this Fund and we wish to record our best thanks to that Committee.

A TRIP TO THE HIMALAYAS

To us, Bengalees, few phenomena are grander or more exciting than the mountains. It was, therefore, with the natural enthusiasm of the people of the plain, that I jumped at the proposal of utilising a day's holiday in an excursion to the Himalayas. It would, I said, break the pitiless monotony of daily life ; and I entered fully into the many fantastic plans of spending the day which friend B—with his wonted sarcastic wit wove with the thick curls of scented smoke.

The day however was adverse to any project of excursion. We packed our gear and set out under a threatening sky, a damp drizzle making the most ominous of soft music in our ears. In the train we found ourselves in the midst of a little group of tourists going the same way as we. It was composed of a pleader from a distant part of India with a decided tendency to corpulence making tremendous efforts to look smart, a very smart child, a young gentleman in the dubious age between boyhood and youth, and another gentleman of a mysterious appearance who looked particularly knowing. As the train issued out of the platform we discovered another fellow-passenger of ours sitting muffled up in a corner like the Fates. He happened to be an inhabitant of a village at the foot of the Himalayas, and a mine of information. His gray hairs and venerable countenance gave a fresh charm to the marvels he was describing ; and as we hung on the words of the bearded Pythea the train whirled through the green fields overgrown with rank grass and dotted with clumps of bamboos. The thatched hovels of the peasants peeped from behind the bamboo groves and the noise of the rushing train drew out the dark naked children who stood agape at the moving piece of wonder or hurled defiance at it with their dirty chubby fists.

Soon after the big meadow came to be skirted on the north by a dark fringe and the tall towers of the *Sal* forest emerged into sight. We could just catch a glimpse of the distant hills above the tree tops in the mirky sky. The sides of the railway embankment began to be covered with stunted shrubs and big grass and presently we found ourselves passing through the forest. The big trees had been felled and the railway line constructed through the bosom of the woods. But on both sides the huge trees stood in wild splendour thrusting their leafy fronts high up into the azure depths. Thick grass and matted bushes

choked up all passage into the depth of the forest, except where the foresters had cleared a narrow pathway for themselves. The dark bosom of the forest was starred with myriads of flowers and a thick pungent odour rose circling round us. A deep dead stillness reigned there, and the song of the solitary lark or the cricket died shuddering away into its depth. There was something grand and awful in the solemn silence and the harsh rattle of the train came back with a reproachful reverberation as we rushed awakening the slumbering echoes.

When the train stopped in a big clearing in the forest at Rajabhatkhawa our pleader friend had long retired into a comfortable after-dinner nap and over venerable Pythea had sunk back into his prophetic gloom, while friend B—was sitting unusually grave in a cloud of tobacco smoke. Friend M—was discovered making desperate attempts at conversation with the young gentleman of uncertain age who was coming out with a word or two and frightened either at the sound of his own voice or the wit of his own observation was going out completely. He gave a great sigh of relief as the stopping of the train rescued him from these intermittent eclipses. Rajabhatkhawa is a huge clearing in the forest where a small town has grown up round the offices of the Government Forest Department. The wooden houses painted in various colours and ornamented with various kinds of wooden chequer-work and fantastic engravings were beautifully set off against the dark back ground of the forest. The place looked so trim, tidy, and frail that we were inclined to call it a scene from some fairy land. A few passengers got down and one or two got up; among the newcomers I discovered a friend of mine. We fell a talking and scarcely noticed the way; but on a sudden break in our talk, I was impressed with the complete stillness that reigned round us, and as the train crept fearfully on the startled echoes rose on both sides and retired drowsily away into the green solitude beyond.

A few minutes more brought us to the Buxa Road Station from which a good metalled road leads to the Buxa Cantonment that guards the frontier between British India and Bhutan. It is by this road that one has to enter Bhutan, and by this route the Maharaja of Bhutan came on his way to the recent Durbar at Delhi. The smoky outlines of the Buxa hills, some six miles off, could be discerned from the Railway Station and a careful observer could see the white squares on the sides of the hills that indicated the positions of the pickets. In olden days the approach of the foe was discovered from these aeries, and the alarm sounded in the cantonment. An extensive timber traffic is carried on by this line and huge timber yards can be seen in the vicinity of the railway stations.

At last we reached the railway terminus at Jainti. The forest terminates here on the bank of the Jainti River. A mountain stream, it had dried up in the summer and a thin rill was now babbling along the pebbly bed. In the rains this silver current swells up into a mighty torrent and spreading for miles together, bearing on its muddy bosom huge trunks of trees. On the northern bank of the river stretches for about a mile a jungly tract overgrown with bushes, intersected with small pathways and behind this rises the mighty Himalayas in solemn grandeur.

The E. B. S. R. has laid railway lines all along the foot of the mountain for collecting stores for the Lower Ganges Bridge (Sara Bridge). A trolley drive of about half an hour brought us to a considerable distance up the Jainti; here we got down and walked along the bed of the stream. The river bed was strewn with huge boulders brought down by it in its mad headlong career in the rains. The dark blue haze which had so long enveloped the mountains gradually cleared away and the hill sides were seen covered with dense forests. As we approached nearer the tree which had so long seemed mere brushes increased in size and a luxuriant vegetation was seen clothing the sides of the mountain. The stream had issued out of the bosom of the hills and as we made our way along its bed our big boulders we soon found ourselves deep into the mountains.

On all sides of us rose the eternal mountains with their awful grandeur. Their rocky feet had been slightly worn away by the ceaseless current of the stream. The deep hush was scarce broken by the prattling of the brook or flocks of birds winding their way high up in the sky. The tall trees spread out their luxuriant branches and stood in defiant splendour. The innumerable orchids nestling high on the shoulders of the trees had burst out into beautiful blossoms and a soft fragrance came wafted to us from these evanescent blooms. Numerous small streams discharge their water into the Jainti and we followed up one of these to a considerable height. It issues out of a fountain and courses its way through difficult beds of rock till it emerges as a clear, thin, cool, limpid, runnell. At one place it trickles down as a thin stream on the head of a circular piece of black stone. The spot was so solitary, peaceful and charming that we deplored the scepticism that prevented us from dubbing the stone a *Siva*. The current had ground the stones into curious shapes and some of us could not resist the temptation of gathering a few circular stones varying from the size of a tennis-ball to that of a large football which strewed the bed of the river.

We approached a landship which could be observed from a long distance. There were hovels of mountaineers very high on the mountains and when we contemplated the extent of calamity caused by these slips (not very unfrequent

in these regions) we were forced to make the not very creditable confession that our life in the plains, though lacking in excitement, is perhaps, on the whole, safest. We were now in the territory of Bhutan and our guide (an enterprising young gentleman in the service of the E. B. S. R.) showed us a salt mine which was not worked.

These regions are full of wild beasts, and we discovered with no small curiosity and apprehension the footmarks they had left behind. Wild elephants seemed by far the most numerous and our guide showed to us a cosy corner in the bed with a thin deposit of soft mud left by the late-retiring stream where the elephants had been at play with their young ones. We could make out just a few footmarks of tigers; in another place a confused number of marks was explained to be those of a herd of deer pursued by a pack of wild hounds. A little ahead of us there was, we were told, a copper mine. A little higher up still, there is a cave where a sort of *Siva* has set up his solitary throne. This solitary deity is formed by stalactite and stalagmite deposits left by drops of water coming from the interior of the hills and trickling eternally through a chink.

The sides of the hills are furrowed by deep tunnels formed by water descending from the summits and we followed up for a short distance one of these, which, we were told, is the usual route followed by the mountaineers in their way to Bhutan. It was so precipitous and strewn with treacherous stones that a few paces were enough to satisfy us. The shades of the evening were fast closing round us, and possessed as we were of but a very moderate thirst for adventure, we were glad to return. The soft whiff of the fragrant breeze in a twenty mile run on the trolly was perfectly enjoyable. We brought a few flowering creepers (exquisite things) and made bracelets and other ornaments but one of us deeming the Nepalese and Bhutia demoiselles but sorry types of mountain nymphs, decked the bosom of the limpid Jainti with these.

The inhabitants of these places are for the most part Bhutias and Nepalese with stunted, yellow, sturdy, Mongolian features. They always carry short stout daggers (kurkis) in their belt and when roused are dangerous to encounter. Their morals are very loose and since their contact with modern civilization have displayed a remarkable partiality for the bottle.

The weather, which was splendid, all through the afternoon, suddenly took a turn towards the evening and fleecy masses of clouds floated towards the mountains and settled thereon. The Himalaya changed its green mantle for white and only the tops of the peaks towered above the rolling masses of clouds that encircled them. A few faint streaks of light from the hovels of the mountain-folk struggled fitfully out of the gloom. The twilight fast deepened into the shades of night and the low rumble of a storm brewing in the horizon warned us indoors.

THE ABSOLUTE IN THOUGHT

The doctrine of the Relativity of human knowledge, as it is understood in modern times, is generally used as a missile hurled at the head of philosophers who believe in the capacity of Reason to tackle successfully the problems of Religion. The doctrine is held to mean the fundamental incapacity of human reason and thought to rise above phenomena, and try to explain them by means of anything transcending their region.

To explain the doctrine in all its bearings, however, we may distinguish two of its aspects, (1) Epistemological and (2) Psychological.

(1) In its Epistemological aspect, it refers to the theory that all human knowledge is relative to the human mind, in the sense that we know, of things, only the effects which they produce on our minds, and not what they themselves really are like. Thus, when I perceive this table, I know not what the table is in itself, but only as it appears to me according to the effects it produces on my mind, *e.g.*, its hardness, its red colour, its extensiveness &c. Thus, Plant speaks of the *Ding-an-sich* or thing-in-itself as something totally different from the things-as-we-see-them; and Hamilton regards human knowledge as limited to experience of the finite, of the infinite, says Hamilton, human mind has no idea, since it can think only what it can relate to another, and distinguish from another.

This theory, when clearly examined, would be found to involve contradictory propositions, and prove suicidal. For, the theory means, that each of us can know nothing but what is in his own mind, and that what we know, we know only by relating to other things. But, if we know only what is in our mind, how can we relate it at the same time with other things, of whose existence we are, by our very hypothesis, precluded from knowing? Moreover, to say that we know nothing but what is in the mind is really to make the knowledge of what is in the mind absolute. For, then the knowledge of what is in the mind would not depend on anything else, and stand related to anything else, for we don't know if anything else exists.

To obviate this difficulty, it is said that the doctrine of Relativity does not mean that our knowledge is confined to what is in our mind only. But, it means that though we are capable of knowing things beside our own minds, this capacity of ours to know extra-mental objects is limited to *certain class of objects*. But, this too cannot stand. For, according to this theory as explained above we cannot know of things any more than as they *appear* to us. So that we cannot, after we have once bound ourselves to such a theory, speak of any objects as *external* to our mind. Hence this attempt to explain away the former difficulty by limiting the theory to certain class of objects only is merely a temporary make shift, without any absolute ground to stand upon.

The common meaning attached to this theory seems to be that knowledge, being a mere effect produced on our minds by the things which are known, we cannot tell, whether it resembles them or not. Hence, according to this explanation, since knowledge of a thing is knowledge not of it, but of its effect on us, all our knowledge may be not knowledge, but false belief. But, the absurdity of such a proposition will be evident on a moment's reflection. If all knowledge be not knowledge of the things, we can never know truly—we never know what we know, but always something else, as a result of the interaction of the object with our minds. Thus, when we say we know the tree, we only know the sensation it produces on us. But, how do we know the sensation?—Well, in the act of perception, and so on. On this theory, therefore, we never know what we want to know, and are involved in a *regressus ad-infinitem*. A thing is all right when we do not know it, but, as soon as we know it, it is altered!

The doctrine of Relativity, therefore, can, under no meaning given to it, be upheld in its Epistemological aspect. Now, let us examine it in its Psychological aspect.

(2.) In its Psychological aspect, as held by Bain and others, the doctrine of Relativity means that we can never have knowledge of one thing only, but that, whenever we are conscious of something we must also simultaneously be conscious of another different from, and hence related to, the first. To know it is said, is to find relations among parts, *i.e.*, among things perceived. Thus, when we call this a book, we distinguish it from other objects *e.g.*, this pen, this table &c., and identify it with a given class of objects called books. Hence, knowledge or interpretation of a fact is equivalent to giving all its relations. From this it would follow that the complete knowledge of a fact would require a complete knowledge of its infinite relations, which is, of course impossible. Hence, this psychological theory leads to the thesis that knowledge can never be more than partial, relative and approximate. From its hypothesis, 'to know is to relate,' this theory leads us to the conclusion that knowledge is no more than a system of relations. It fails to tell us of objects themselves as such.

But, we ask, is such an absolute scepticism really tenable? Is the world knowable, or is the position that it is not, tenable?

We ask the relativist, first of all, if he directs his attacks against all knowledge or against some only. Either way, his theory would be suicidal. If against all, this very knowledge of the relativity of all knowledge is not absolute, and is therefore untrustworthy. But, the fact is that he does claim to know something, as he wants us to believe him. Then again, in his non life, he must trust either his knowledge of the world, or his belief that knowledge is untrust-

worthy, in either case contradicting his theory of the Relativity of knowledge. If again, his attacks are directed against some knowledge only, he commits a rational suicide, for, he cannot, then, with any consistency, maintain his theory of the Relativity of *all* knowledge.

We, then, come to the conclusion that we must grant the validity of knowledge. To ask knowledge to justify itself in an ultimate way is to raise a question entirely beyond debate. It is to talk nonsense. For, how can we prove the validity of knowledge, except by putting forth arguments embodying some knowledge? It is like asking us where we should be if we happened to jump outside of space. We would really be involved in a vicious circle, if we ever attempted to *prove* the validity of knowledge; for, in attempting to prove, we would assume that we *know* some arguments whereby to establish the conclusion that knowledge is valid, and thus presuppose the very conclusion we are to establish.

Herbert Spencer, however, an exponent of the doctrine of Relativity of human knowledge, in modern times, denies the capacity of human thought to penetrate into the region of the supernatural. His contention is that our thought, by its very nature, is limited to the sphere of the finite. But, such a theory cannot be accepted without a surrender of our most cherished convictions. For, Religion and Theology have always claimed for human Reason exactly such a power of penetrating into the Infinite which Spencer denies. But, this sentimental objection apart, it could be shown that Mr. Spencer's theory is altogether untenable, and that thought to be thought, must have the idea of God in it, expressed or implied.

We have already shown how the doctrine of Relativity is untenable and would here dismiss Mr. Spencer's doctrine with a few words. According to Mr. Spencer, an examination of the nature of human intelligence issues in a demonstration of the Relativity of all knowledge. He says that to think is to condition, and to think or know the unconditioned would be a contradiction in terms, it being equivalent to thinking the unthinkable. A consciousness of the Infinite, therefore, according to him, impossible. But, at the same time, Mr. Spencer makes this concession to Religion that though the Infinite or absolute Reality cannot be made a thought properly so called, there remains in consciousness the vague thought of an undefinable region whence spring all religious ideas, that we have a vague idea of the Infinite, which is, however, unknown and unknowable.

But, this is an argument that would not stand the test of scrutiny. The assertion that man's knowledge is limited to the finite and relative would have no meaning save by a tacit reference to an Infinite and Absolute object. Hence, it is not possible for a consciousness which is purely relative to be conscious of

its relations. Again, as we have seen above, Mr. Spencer affirms the existence of the unknowable absolute of which, he says, we have a vague consciousness. But, his theory of intelligence is suicidal to this view. For, if relativity be the necessary condition of thought, it must equally apply to the thought of Being or Existence. And, if the very fact of thinking a thing reduces it to the relative, the being Mr. Spencer ascribes in thought to the absolute is not absolute being, but only in relation to consciousness. Moreover, the whole theory of the unknowableness of the absolute rests on a false abstraction. Mr. Spencer grants the existence of the absolute, but, would not admit the possibility of knowing it. He posits an Absolute Reality, no doubt; but, as soon as we proceed to conceive that object, to subject the object to thought, he would say, it loses its absoluteness by descending into thought. So that, according to Spencer, the Absolute exists apart from all minds to know it. But, is not this endeavour to conceive of an Absolute Being or Reality existing apart by itself and having no relation to thought, a quest after chimera? Mr. Spencer would properly say that the incomprehensibleness of such an unrelated. Absolute Reality is owing to the depravity of human thought. But, it is clear that, if to be unable to *apprehend* a thing *having no relation to our mind* is to be deprived in intelligence, it is equally so to be incapable of conceiving of a half which is not related to another half. For, it is evident that mind can never take into it what has absolutely nothing to do with it.

From this brief review, we find that thought is not, in any way, confined to the finite, but it is possible for it to rise to a consciousness of the Infinite. Next we shall show that not only is thought not incapable of knowing God or the Infinite, but that it involves the idea of God. The finite mind not only may, but also must, rise to the knowledge of God. Knowledge cannot be limited to the sphere of the finite. In fact, finite knowledge as finite, is illusory and false; while, all true knowledge involves an absolute or infinite element.

That thought logically leads on to the consciousness of the Universal and the Absolute may be shown from the following considerations.

Man is essentially a spiritual and self-conscious being; and spirituality and self-consciousness involve potential infinitude, and the true life of mind consists in endeavouring to actualize this potential infinitude. The mind appears to be finite no doubt; but, the finitude of mind is never absolute. Man's spiritual nature is not limited by the world outside, but realizes itself in that which lies beyond itself. For, Nature does not limit mind, but reveals its intelligence; the laws of Nature, as enunciated by mind, are nothing extra-mental, nothing new to the mind, but only its fuller expression. Thus, man's spiritual nature is never limited. It is always striving after a higher and higher. It cannot rest,—one step advanced opens up before it a long vista of attainable

excellence, and though the goal thus seems to vanish as he approaches it, this distinction between the Ideal and the actual is made by *thought*, and as such, is transcended by thought in the very act of making the distinction : for, when we can distinguish between two things we must have risen higher than either. Or, in other words, our rational and spiritual nature involves the consciousness of God.

Again, the very imperfection of human knowledge, out of which Mr. Spencer tries to make so much, implies the knowledge of God. For, the consciousness of imperfection implies, at the same time, the consciousness of perfection. Just as we cannot have the idea of 'small' unless we have the idea simultaneously of 'large,' so, we cannot speak of anything as imperfect, unless we have the knowledge of Perfection. It may be objected that the consciousness of imperfection might all arise from the knowledge of something less limited than myself. But, also knowledge presupposes an absolute standard, and not only a relatively higher one. So that our very doubts imply an absolute standard, which, in its turn, cannot be doubted, since, as shown above, absolute scepticism is suicidal. The very denial of any knowledge of God, therefore, implies such knowledge, since such a denial presupposes an ideal of absolute knowledge, in comparison with which human knowledge is pronounced defective.

Again, self-consciousness or the distinction of the self from the not-self, which is involved in all thought implies a higher unity embracing all thought and existence : for, the consciousness which apprehends both self and not-self must rise above itself. The consciousness of self is not possible without that of the not-self. In every act of consciousness, such a distinction is made : but, the very fact that these two elements are so inseparably related points to a unity lying behind this difference or duality. This distinction between the self and the not-self is made by thought, and, therefore, in the very act of making this distinction thought has already virtually transcended it. Our individual self makes the distinction of self and not-self : but, we can rise to a higher standpoint and make the very self that makes this distinction an object of thought : so that, we can rise above ourselves, thus showing that our thought is not confined to our finite nature, but rises above it, partaking of the character of the Universal Reason, and thus necessarily implies the idea of it.

REVIEWS

We have received the following volumes of Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature Series :—

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2. Rocks and their Origins	Cole.
3. Spiders	Warburton.
4. Glother and the Twentieth Century	Robertson.
5. Life in the Medical Universities	Rait.
6. The Troubadours	Chaytor.
7. Civilisation in Palestine	Macalister.
8. Methodism	Workman.
9. Ancient Assyria	Johns.

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AUGUST 1912.

THE UNIVERSITY PROBLEM IN THE EAST.

(The Hon. Dr. Deva Prasad Sarvādhikary's Speech).

The third sessions of the Congress was held on the morning of Wednesday the 3rd of July, 1912. The Right Honourable Mr. Balfour occupied the chair and in his opening address pointed out the gravity of the University problem in the East where it was transplanted as on a new and unprepared soil and where the "violence of the shock had led to untoward results." A paper was read by Sir Frederick Lugard, late Chancellor of the Hong-Kong University, in which he extolled the methods of manning the staff almost entirely by Europeans and deprecated the methods of training in India as tending to unrest and irreligion. He was followed by The Reverend Mr. Ewing, Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University, Sir Theodore Morrison, of the Council of the Secretary of State, the Honorable Doctor Deva Prasad Sarvādhikary, Sir Thomas Ralliagh and Mr. Russel of the Madras University.

The Honorable Doctor Deva Prasad Sarvādhikary said :—

In the first place I have to convey to the Congress authorities the sincerest thanks of my University and of other Indian Universities for kindly setting aside an early and exclusive session of the Congress for consideration of what has long become an Empire problem and is no mere academic problem. Considering the augmenting importance of the East, the problem of Universities in the East is almost a world question. But we have no time to go into the larger aspects of the question—not even to answer in the merest outlines the unwarranted and uninformed charges that have been levelled against the East in the course of this afternoon's discussion. Glad and proud am I to occupy the same platform in connection with this problem of vast magnitude with the brilliant mathematician and distinguished Statesman who occupies the chair and it is difficult not to agree generally in theory regarding the disastrous results of the collision and violent impact of Western ideals with those of the East and

of bodily transplanting Western Institutions on unprepared Eastern soil. I shall not stop to consider the applicability of these observations to China for I do not know much of modern Chinese conditions beyond the fact that China has realised Western ideals in a way not indicated in the paper just read but which has won the admiration of Europe as we gathered from the Chairman of the first sessions of the Congress yesterday—Lord Rosebery. In that paper there is a plea on behalf of China on which it may be convicted or extolled as this Congress may think fit. But I would strongly deprecate India being placed in the same dock as modern China and tried together. After the sweeping indictment in Sir Frederick Lugard's paper regarding things Indian about which he appears to know little and has some serious misapprehension, it is not possible to proceed to the consideration of the main issue without entering one's emphatic protests in the most definite manner. Ten minutes assigned for this stupendous work are all too short and only the most salient points can be hurriedly indicated. Hong-Kong must be an exceptionally well favoured Eastern University to have the whole of its staff manned by ideal European teachers, inspite of which, however, the catastrophe of dismal failure has not apparently been averted so far. But we are not so fortunate and cannot be, for our work is colossal in magnitude. We cannot afford to have European teachers and European professors even to teach the English language and literature. Boys and youngmen pass out of School and College and often graduate without having heard an Englishman talk the language in the class room and that is how our education has to be conducted. When a bountiful Government and a benevolent public endow our educational institutions sufficiently to enable us to have the pick of European teachers—even for English language and literature, it will be time enough to speak of European teachers for such other subjects as may be desirable. And judging of results in China, so luridly depicted, one would not be tempted to repeat the experiments in India even if funds permitted unless the pick of European teachers could be guaranteed.

What has been referred to by the Right Honorable Mr. Balfour in the way of unsuitability of Western ideals and institutions in the unprepared East that suffers by the "violence of the shock," may apply to Universities in the East, that are absolute Chinese to me. I cannot admit their applicability to India and Indian Universites whose acquaintance with Western culture is more than a hundred years old. What has been urged in this concern from the Chair and by other speakers is therefore ancient history and ought not to clog the issues before the Congress. Through the exertions of private societies and individuals and European Missionaries to whom the debt of our obligations will ever be boundless, and inspite of the resistance and objections of the

constituted authorities in the earlier days, to which I have no time to refer in detail, English language and literature (the surest guarantee of promoting the oneness of Empire so eloquently advocated by Lord Rosebery yesterday) became known more than a century ago to those who were no way "improved" for any class of culture, who had their own noble heritage of culture and civilization many thousand years old. Where such culture was of the smuggled order, it may have been a shock and a violent concussion when beef-eating and wine-drinking was considered in certain quarters as a *sine qua non* of culture and a scorn for one's language, literature and religion the hall-mark of enlightenment. But that was in the days long gone by and even in these barren times of transition up rose a Ram Mohon Roy, who led the van of many-sided reform and prepared the ground for University work. When, long after being planned, the Indian Universities came into existence as an inevitable adjunct of Queen Victoria's gracious commands, the needs of religious neutrality on the London Model, which was then the accepted and acceptable thing, made them examining and non-denominational bodies. They may have had their disadvantages and defects which we have no desire to minimise. In fact it is to study and remedy these defects that we are assembled here in this great and never to be forgotten Congress of the pick of the finest culture of the land. We shall always be glad to profit by sympathetic suggestions but we naturally resent captious and uninformed criticism that seeks to make out that University education is fostering political unrest or irreligion. Educated India do not object to be ruled but they decidedly object to be mis-ruled, along with other parts of the great Empire. And as Sir Theodore Morrison has already told you that secular education has failed as such in India is a *fetish* that ought long ago to have died. But *fetishes* die hard, specially where there is some interest or other in seeing it thrive. There is no more religious a country than India and be he a Hindoo or a Mohomedan the Indian sets the highest value on religion and religious instructions, though for natural reasons he cannot get religious instructions in his Schools, Colleges and Universities. This is a disability for which not only Government institutions suffer but others not conditioned by the bar of neutrality similarly suffer and will suffer because of the multiplicity of creeds, even among the sections and sects of the seemingly same community, nay among different families. Religion and religious instruction and usages have to be left to the people themselves and no one has the right to say therefore that there is no religion or that there is lack of character and morality among those who crowd our Universities. By a growingly careful method of selection, of text books, by training up teachers, by maintaining strict discipline among students and supervising college as well as School teachers, by providing such hostel accommodation as is possible with their

cramped resources, Indian Universities are attempting to raise the ideals all round. They are attempts to revive the old ideals and absorb and reconcile Western ideals to make the East and the West meet and to make the meeting yield the best of results.

We are gratified to hear Sir Frederick Lugard say that the English youth is all the better for having traditions of 1900 years of Christian life behind him. We are particularly proud because lofty ethical and religious ideals had their origin in the East and found ready and continued acceptance many thousand years ago and because the East presented Europe with the PRINCE OF PEACE two thousand years ago to the abounding and abiding benefit of Asia and Europe alike. But it is worse than a mistake to suggest that because traditions of this 1900 years of Christian life is not behind the back of the Mohomedan and Hindoo graduate and under-graduate, his ethical and religious ideals must be naturally low. History and tradition teach the contrary as this Congress need hardly be reminded. The Vedas, the Upanishads, the Tantras, Purans, Ramayan and Mahabharat and later commentaries lay down elaborate rules about education, discipline, life, character and morals, which have enabled the Hindoo to outlive the comparatively modern civilisations of Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Chaldia, Greece and Rome and from the time of Panchala Parishad downwards, through the long vista of University life at its best in seats of learning like *Taxila*, *Baisali*, *Nalanda*, *Vijayanagore*, *Mithila* and *Naradwip* the lamp was kept burning. During the time of transition from the Mahomedan to the British period of our history it burned no doubt low. Ideals also proportionately fell off but the culture of the pre-university days and the days that followed has changed it all. Not to know or admit that when Empire problems like these are before this great Congress would be worse than inexcusable.

I am glad reference has been made to the 1900 years of Christian traditions in England at the back of the English youth—though there is a slight historical inaccuracy of a paltry few hundred years in the figure. It is by uplifting and upholding of these traditions and ideals in India, by those that profess Christianity, that material help would be rendered to the Hindoo and the Mahomedan in maintaining and conserving their own national ideals. The more these professions and practices vary, no matter in what community, the greater the chances of hurt to that community and those that are affected by it.

In spite of this difficulty attending on all attempts at importing religious education the Indian Vice-Chancellor year after year charges our graduates "Ever in life and conversation to prove themselves worthy of the degree conferred." And they do their best to live up to the charge. Those who know India and have a well-balanced mind and instincts of justice would bear willing and eloquent testimony as to the purity and ability of even the lowest paid of our public

servants recruited from our graduates and under-graduates and to the loftiness of professional ideals and capacity. In the absence of direct religious teaching ethical and historical methods are largely resorted to. The study of the ancient literature and philosophy of India, on sound critical lines, but by easy methods, which our Universities are doing all they can to encourage, is expected considerably to assist in revival and, if possible, improvement of the older ideals. And a fair beginning we claim has been made. By bringing home to the seekers the lofty ideal, the immortal truths and imperishable beauties of the *Upanishads*, by making them mould life and conduct according to the glorious doctrines of *Niskama Dharma*, of which but a feeble echo was found in "Kant's Categorical Imperative" this great work of revival ought to be accentuated and accelerated. The newer ideals of the West which modern University teaching helps in absorbing,—those of self defence, self-assertion and political advantages, have their place within judicious bounds. Political economy and political science are teaching the just proportion of things material; History, Biography, the modern Sciences and English literature, the rich heritage of the Empire that more than any thing else will build up its oneness, are judiciously laid under contribution. Slowly and steadily an atmosphere of modern University and academic life is being created on Western lines. Athletic Sports, College Union, University Institutes are quite a feature and manliness and grit are more and more in evidence though there is considerable room for growth. The teacher's life and example are deemed a strong element in the work. It is the anxious care of the authorities to maintain strict discipline. Through our Training Colleges and Normal Schools, still too few in number, we are trying to build up a body of teachers that would have the capacity and willingness of carrying on this great work. We get a considerable volume of assistance from graduates of European Universities, employed both in Government and Missionary Institutions, though their capacity and calibre are not always equal to those of the giants of old whose names are cherished as household words in India. In this direction as well as in the direction of assistance and aid and even-handed justice to those that come here to be ready for their career in India, we have to make a strong appeal to the Great British Universities whose representatives here are so many and so influential.

For the reasons that require exclusion of denominational teaching as well as for grave economic reasons, the residential system as a whole as obtaining in the English Universities, is impossible and unnecessary, nay undesirable with us. Such a system does not, I find, obtain in the great Scottish and German Universities where ideals are as lofty as they are effective. Nor has it Universal application even to the English Universities. We are not therefore likely to suffer seriously if, for a long while to come, we confine our endeavours to those

who in any event have to live away from their homes. They form quite a large section of students and inspite of expanding Government assistance and private beneficence it has not been yet possible to provide for them all in our hostels and some of them still live under conditions that are no credit to any scheme of education. Any scheme that will provide for their accommodation will be a welcome strength to ours and till this is done it would be inexpedient to flitter away our resources in money and men in duplicating more administrative machinery, tending to create a diversion in standard and ideals. Those of our students who have the advantage of living with their guardians and parents are best where they are, for inspite of all that is said about our ignorant zenanas, in ignorance of the real state of things, the home is the best training ground, to weaken the influence of which has been our greatest educational disaster. We shall be quite content with the race of giants that India can still point to, inspite and in the midst of our zenanas. They are a *Sanctum Sanctorum* that the outsiders will never understand.

Nor need the lack of facilities for denominational teaching be a real trouble. Institutions that are not conditioned by bars of neutrality are not always able to afford denominational teachings because of the multifarious character of such teachings, if they were to be for the benefit of all members of the seemingly same community. This difficulty has been experienced even in institutions like the National Council of Education and the Benares Central Hindoo College and will soon be experienced in the denominational Universities that are promised at no distance of time. The sects and sections, the creeds and customs even in the same community and even in different families of the same sect are so varied that no institution aiming at a fair amount of catholic teaching could usefully and unobjectionably aim at real denominational teaching. It must be the absolutely basic fundament that can be attempted and to do more would be purposively to cloud the issues.

To the Hindoo mind knowledge has never been the means only of improvement. It is the means of salvation itself. Knowledge of self in its relation to God and the universe is believed to be the only means of restraining aggressive selfishness. The West has long realised that such aggressiveness, inspite of transitory glamour, is the root-cause of interminable conflict between Nation and Nation, between capital and labour, between Man and Man, nay between Man and Woman, which threaten to disturb, if not altogether destroy, the peace of the world in the name of material advancement. While Western Science is helping in this advance, with the aid of which we are beginning to shake off our "weak impracticalness," the East has a Mission and a Message. It is a difficult and delicate task to harmonise that advancement with true spiritual advancement in which there shall be as little of the impractical old-world dreaming and as

much as possible of the true inwardness of spirituality, which two thousand years ago, with the Advent of the Prince of Peace, the East presented to the West, much to the abiding benefit of both.

In this great work the new Universities of the East based on the models of the West—though overtly divorced from active and direct religious teachings will have a large and important place. Their influence will be proportionately large on popular ideals—ideals of self-abnegation and self-effacement that have been and ever will be the wonder of an admiring world. Quite a unique and eventful experiment is in progress. It has lasted but all too short a time. We celebrated our first Jubilee only the other day when some of you were celebrating your fiftieth. The time is hardly ripe yet for definite and matured results but we have no reason yet to despair.

The problem is an Empire problem and not merely academic. The augmenting importance of the East has nearly made it a world problem. Meet were it therefore that a special and early Sessions of this great Congress of the finest intellects in the Empire should be devoted to it.

With statesman-like instinct did our beloved King-Emperor and Queen-Empress realize and voice this fast asserting influence of the problem, while in India. And those in charge of Their Majesties' reception responded. Wherever they went School-children in their thousands acclaimed their Sovereigns. In Calcutta the number was Twenty-five thousand of all color, creed and race. These citizens of the morrow took to their homes tales of Their Majesties' wonderful yet unostentatious personality, the influence of which would never fade, but will be replete with abiding and abounding good to themselves and the Empire. One of these was aged no more than eight and I heard her declare that she was lonely and desolate because Their Majesties had left the Prinsep's Ghat that day.

When my University had the unique honour of being permitted to present an address of welcome to His Majesty, His Majesty declared :—"It is to the Universities of India that I look to assist in that gradual union and fusion of the culture and aspiration of Europeans and Indians on which the future well-being of India so greatly depends ; you have to conserve the ancient learning and simultaneously to push forward Western science ; you have also to build up character without which learning is of little value. You say that you recognise your great responsibilities. I bid you God speed in the work that is before you—let your ideals be high and your efforts to pursue them unceasing and under Providence you will succeed."

My University has resolved to inscribe these memorable words in gold on marble for the benefit of generations of graduates and under-graduates. It was

a glorious and mighty Durbar I attended at Delhi. A mightier and a more glorious and eventful a Durbar is assembled to-day under Imperial auspices for consolidation of the Empire of letters, the truest re-agent for the consolidation of the Empire.

The Rhodes bequest is a monument of the great Empire builder's appreciation of the possibilities and the realities of the situation viewed from the point of view I ventured to indicate. But it was an imperfect appreciation in so far as important parts of the Empire were excluded from its purview. Not only Britons but all that share in Britain's Empire never shall be slaves and the growing and redeeming light of the Empire of culture and letters, worked aright, must be the mighty reagent for this colossal amalgamation that will shake off all forms of slavery wherever Britain's flag floats over the wide sunlit Hemispheres.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

(*Their Ethical Element.*)

"To make us wiser and larger hearted ; to conduct us through a wider range of experience than the actual life of each generally permits ; to make us live in the lives of other types of character than our own, or than those of our daily acquaintance ; to enable us to pass by sympathy into other minds and other circumstances, and especially to train the moral nature by sympathy with noble characters—these are the high aims of fiction in the hands of its master-wielders ; these are the aims which have raised novels and dramas, to an importance which Nature herself indicates in assigning to their production, those powers which the consent of all ages allows to rank supreme among the gifts of the human race"—conforming to this definition of the aims of the novel, one feels rather prone to side with Grant Allen when he says, "The nineteenth century has tolerated to some extent that inartistic and jejune gaud, the novel without a purpose, the twentieth century holding higher and truer conceptions of art will soon outgrow it."

Every novel which retains a permanent hold over succeeding generations of readers and is by common consent enshrined among the precious possessions of a national literature has been a novel *with a purpose*. Such were the novels of Dickens and Thackeray, such to a great extent are the novels of George Eliot. With love and wisdom for her "inspiring principles" she makes her art in the highest sense ethical. "The end of her art may be said to be—to evoke our sympathy with all that is highest and best in human nature, our compassion for the weak and erring, our pity even for the depraved."

"The rock ahead of novelists is the danger of making art subservient to the "purpose." In their zeal they forget that true art will teach "not directly indeed but all the more effectually because its teaching is indirect." Art that aims to instruct directly is almost certain to fail to please and so "fail to attain the direct and primary end of art."

Therefore to discuss how far the presence of an ethical purpose detracts from or enhances George Eliot's power as a story-teller we must consider, if she sacrifices art to her ethical purpose. One instance will suffice—and we shall take *Romola*. In *Romola*, George Eliot traces with wonderful patience and ingenuity the slow and almost imperceptible progress of sin—venial at first but growing worse and worse gradually. In it she shows how in the cruel relentless order of this universe a man misled from the path of virtue and self-restraint sinks deeper and deeper into the depths of infamy and at last loses all traces of the "divine in the human nature." Yet, in *Romola*, what we admire is the art of the novelist and not the euphuistic eloquence of the verbose sermon-preacher. It shows that but for the inimitable author of *Esmond*, George Eliot would have stood at the top of those novelists who have successfully placed the scenes of their stories in a bygone age. In it she places before us the panorama of the past. She makes us realise the "glow and glories" of a bygone age, she—as if by a touch of the magician's wand—enables us to see the fresh and unfaded colours of an age passing into the dim recesses of the distant past. Yet nowhere in the book, does she make visible the art by which she constructs her image of the bygone days.

"The novels of George Eliot" says Prof. Dowden, "are not didactic treatises. They are primarily works of art, and George Eliot herself is artist as much as she is teacher." Her rich culture and large knowledge of life in all its manifestations, give a breadth and accuracy to her delineations of character which are lacking in the products of Charlotte Brontë's more fiery and impetuous genius. With singular catholicity she paints the simplest faith as well as the highest idealism. Not only are her novels excellent as works of art, but their moral tendency is in the highest degree beneficial. No novelist has dwelt more strongly upon "the necessity of the ready performance of duty" if we are to lead noble lives; none had painted in more vivid colours how a character, naturally amiable perhaps, sinks deeper and deeper in sin from weakness of will and inability to practise self-renunciation. She loves also to impress on her readers "the sacredness of work and the value of true performance, in however humble a sphere." It has been truly said that, omitting the very highest and the very lowest sections of modern society her novels present photographic pictures which will be handed down to posterity and will give to

the future reader "the same sort of truthful information of the early Victorian time that Shakespeare's plays do of Elizabeth's England." In reading her works we are often inclined to say like Charles Reade "It is the finest thing since Shakespeare."

Considering these we are of opinion that the presence of an ethical purpose enhances George Eliot's power as a story-teller.

HEMENDRA PRASAD GHOSE.

REPORTS OF THE UNDER-SECRETARIES DURING THE SESSION 1911-12.

Library.

I am glad to say that during the last two years there has been some amount of improvement in the Institute Library. If this is kept up the library will very soon become an up-to-date one. The Institute Library has formerly suffered from want of funds which did not make it possible for us to invest in books and furniture as we should. But the kind generosity of the government in enhancing our monthly grant will now make it possible for us to keep apart an annual sum for the Library. We must mention here with gratitude the names of Sir William Duke and Mr. A. W. Watson, from whom we received donations of 500 and 50 rupees respectively, and which sum will now be used in buying books and furniture.

It is a matter of regret that though we duly deposited the required money with the School Book Society they failed to supply us with three popular foreign monthlies, *viz.*, the C. B. Fry's, the Munsey's and the Strand Magazines. This is a great misfortune and the Society should be made to refund the money at once so that the Magazines might be imported direct from London. We have added this year 114 volumes to our Library. Of these we bought 65 and 49 were presented by authors and publishers.

Our thanks are due to Prof. Pramadonath Bannerji, Mr. Abdul Karim and the Hon'ble Dr. Sarbadhikari for presenting books to the English section.

In the Bengali section the well-known author Babu P. Mukherji and also Babus Hemada Chowdhuri, Kalidas Roy and Rai Chunilal Bose Bahadur presented their works, for which our best thanks are accorded to them.

The average daily attendance in the Reading Room varies from 125 to 140.

We have 52 subscribers to the Library and spent altogether a sum of Rs. 650-5-9, towards buying books, subscribing periodicals and general up-keep.

My personal thanks are due to all my colleagues, especially to Sj. Sisir Kumar Bhaduri.

AMULYARATAN CHAKRAVARTI, B SC.,

Under-Secretary.

The Magazine.

Our Magazine had a chequered career in the beginning of the last Session. When charge was made over to me in November, the October number was still overdue and could not be brought out till late in the same month. Thus we had to make a single issue of the November and December numbers which made its appearance in the last week of December. The excitement of the Imperial Visit to our city made us lay aside all work in the beginning of January and it is not to be wondered therefore that the January number was belated. Since February, however, things have looked up a bit and we are now on quite a regular footing. But it would be very difficult to maintain this regularity if our contributors do not look sharp. If the Magazine wanes in quality or comes out late, the responsibility lies with those of us who having the gift of a facile pen would not use it for our benefit. I would take this opportunity therefore to make a strong appeal to all student members of the Institute and to all students of the University to try their best to uphold the best traditions of our Magazine by sending in to us as many articles and notes as they can. The Magazine had published this year articles of great variety. Historical dissertations on the vedic civilisation and philosophical disquisitions on the nature of the Absolute—find place with appreciations of English poets, and discussions of literary problems. There has also appeared witty sketches, accounts of travels, Institute and College notes and reviews. By courtesy of Dr. R. N. Shaha we were enabled to run a prize competition in locating quotations which proved very popular.

Of many good articles we published this Session, I would especially name Babu Rameshchandra Majumdar's 'Indian History,' Babu Mukunda Chakravarty's 'Carlyle and Emerson on great men' and Babu K. C. Sen's 'Thoughts on Ochterlony Monument.' The Editorial article on the Imperial Visit was, I believe, eminently worthy of the occasion and easily takes the cake.

SISIR BHADURI, B A.,

• *Under-Secretary.*

Rowing Department.

At the commencement of the Session we had the two boats thoroughly repaired and fully equipped.

Attendance was uniformly small. This is to be ascribed to the want of interest on the part of junior members.

As the members of the supervising committee failed to be regular, a new committee had to be elected in the middle of the Session. It was also resolved, at a meeting of the representative committee that power be given to the Under-secretary-in-charge to call for a fresh election of the supervising committee every three months if necessary.

The number of rowing members was 86. The subscription is As. 8, as before.

PANNALAL MUKERJEE, B.Sc.,

Under-Secretary.

Social Entertainments.

During the Session 1911-12 we had altogether nine Social Meetings.

(1) The first came off on the 31st of August and it was to celebrate the foundation-day of the Institute. The hall was nicely and tastefully decorated. The junior members amused themselves with various indoor games. Indian instrumental music from Prof. Mohendra Nath Chatterjee was very much appreciated by all present. The proceedings of the meeting had to be cut short in consequence of the lamentable death of the well-known linguist Mr. Hari Nath De, a senior member of the Institute.

(2) The second was held to celebrate the State Entry of Their Imperial Majesties into Delhi on the 7th December under the presidency of Babu Norendra Kumar Bose, B.L., our Hony. Librarian; the programme consisted of hypnotism from Prof. D. Roy and vocal and instrumental music.

(3) We celebrated the Coronation Ceremony of Their August Majesties on the 12th of December, a garden party was held at Bally in the garden house of Rai Kailash Chander Bose Bahadur. The company dispersed in the evening after a devout prayer for the long life and prosperity of Their Majesties.

(4) The next and the most interesting event was the annual Steamer Party which came off on the 18th February 1912. We engaged the spacious ferry steamer, *Buckland*, and by 11 A.M. the deck was crowded with more than 400 junior members and nearly 50 senior members. There were sports organised by

Mr. K. K. Deb, Bar-at-law, one of our senior members, comic songs, recitations, exhibition of card-tricks and other interesting items. At about 2-30 P.M. every one on board was treated with excellent dishes. The steamer returned to the Chandpal Ghat Jetty at 5-30 and the party dispersed with full-hearted enjoyment.

(5) Then came an entertainment to the Matriculation candidates. The London Bioscope Co. entertained the spectators with a series of interesting films. Prof. J. R. Banerjee presided on the occasion.

(6 & 7) Then followed the two social meetings, one held on the 2nd and the other on the 4th of May. Mr. S. Tagore, I.C.S. entertained the members with excellent recitations.

(8) The next to follow was a Purnima Sanmilani held on the Institute grounds. The junior members amused themselves in various ways. Mr. Mehta, Dr. Bose, Profs. Ghose and Bose encouraged the members with their presence.

(9) The opening social gathering was held on the 17th of July. Hon'ble Mr. J. G. Cumming, C.I.E. presided on the occasion. Ekannabarti Paribar, one of Rabi Babu's comic sketches, was staged by the junior members. From the roars of laughter which it evoked from the audience it may be regarded as a complete success. There were also music, recitations and short speeches from Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, Mr. Urquhart, Principal James, and Principal Maitra.

We beg to thank our most beloved Secretary and Assistant Secretary for their kind advice and encouragement. We also take this opportunity of expressing our heartiest thanks to the junior members, especially to Babus Girindra Nath Sen, Nogendranarayan Bose, Jnanapriya Mitra, Kanti Chandra Mukherjee, Kshitish Chander Pal, Ashutosh Mitter, Srish Chandra Chakervarty, Sachindra Nath Mukherjee, Nripendranath Banerjee, and Dwijendra Chander Roy for their kind assistance to us on several occasions.

NARES CHANDRA MITTER, B.A.,

RAGHABENDRA BANERJEE,

Under-Secretaries.

Debating Section.

Our Session opened with a brilliant essay by Sj. Haridas Bhattacharyya, B.A. on "The Dawning Personality of India." We next had a most interesting debate on "The Denominational Universities in India" presided over by Mr. Manohar Lal, M.A. It was opened by Sj. Girija Sankar Roy, Choudhuri, M.A. and Sj. Ramesh Chandra Mazoomdar, M.A. Sj. Sushil Kumar De, M.A. read two papers on "the Rise of the Bengali Drama" and "Dinabandhu," Prof. K. N. Mitra, M.A. and Pandit Khirode Prosad Vidyabinode, M.A. presided over the meetings. The papers were remarkable for a fine critical insight, scientific spirit and great originality. We had a meeting on "Gobindadas" presided over by Sj. Hirendra Nath Dutt, M.A., B.L., and there was a record gathering. Of the other meetings the most important was on "Carlyle and Emerson on Great Men." Sj. Mukunda Chandra Chakravarty, B.A. read an excellent paper on the subject, which was very eloquently praised by the President, Principal Heremba Chandra Maitra, M.A. We had an interesting debate on "Cricket v. Football" presided over by Prof. E. F. Oaten, M.A. It was opened by Sj. Manikumar Mookherjee and Sj. Haridas Bhattacharyya. The last meeting was on "Problems of Literary Study." It was presided over by Prof. K. N. Mitra, M.A. The paper elicited much criticism, seven or eight speakers addressed the meeting.

Though it is a matter of great pleasure that the junior members are now taking more interest in the discussions, I cannot but admit that their general attitude towards them is far from being satisfactory. Great difficulty is experienced in finding members to read an essay or to open a debate.

Besides these there were three business meetings and four recitation competitions held under the auspices of this department.

I take this opportunity to convey my best thanks to the gentlemen who presided over the meetings and the junior members whose efforts made for the success of the department.

PRAPHULLA CH. GHATAK, B.A.,

Under-Secretary.

General Meetings Section.

During the Session from August, 1911 to July, 1912—there had been altogether nine meetings of the Section.

The Session began with a Lantern Lecture which was highly appreciated. I hope it will not be out of place here to record my thanks to the Y.M.C.A. authorities who kindly lent us their lanterns.

The following is the list of the subjects, lecturers, and presidents of the meetings held during the Session :—

No.	Date.	Subjects.	Lecturers.	Presidents.
1	Aug 24, 1911	Lantern Lecture on Oxford—the town and university.	Prof. W. C. Wordsworth, M.A.
2	.. 29 ...	Dante—His life and time.	Prof. Praphulla Chandra Ghose, M.A.	Prof. Henry Stephen.
3	Sep. 15 ...	Some aspects of the Vedanta (Bengalee).	Babu Harendra Nath Dutt, M.A., B.L.	Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, Kt.
4	Nov 15 ...	Mendelism or the New Theory of Heredity.	Prof. W. C. Wordsworth, M.A.	Prof. S. C. Mahalabobis, B.Sc. (Edin.)
5	Jan. 17, 1912	The Health of our Student Community	Dr. Indumadhab Mallick, M.D.	Col. G. F. A. Harris, M.D., F.R.C.P., I.M.S.
6	March 13 ...	Do Do. (Lecture No. 11).	Do. Do.	Do. Do.
7	April 4 ...	Advice to Young Men	Babu Sivaprasanna Bhat-tacharyya, B.L.	Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, Kt.
8	July 19 ...	Cobden	Mr. R. C. Bonnerjee, B.A. (Oxford) Bar-at-law.	Prof. Monoharlal, M.A. (Cantab).
9	July 22 ...	Alliterations Loud Laughter (Bengalee).	Prof. Lalt K Banerjee, Vidyaratna, M.A.	Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, Kt.

In conclusion I deem it my duty to render my heart-felt thanks to my brother Under-Secretaries and our Assistant-Secretary Babu Rajendralal Ganguly without whose kind help and guidance it would have been almost impossible for me to discharge my duties.

AMAL CHANDRA HOME,

Under-Secretary,

The Athletic Section.

During the latter part of the Foot-Ball Season in 1911, some Inter-Club matches were played. Of the three matches played within the 31st of July, one ended in our defeat, another in a draw and a third one in our victory.

With a view to create an interest in this particular department of Sports two Silver Medals were offered for the highest average in batting and bowling—the donors of the medals being Babu Srish Chandra De, B.L., a senior member of the Institute and Mr. S. N. Bhattacharyya. At the closure of the season Sj. Bibhu Ranjan Das Gupta and Nirmal Chandra Das Gupta won the 2 prizes respectively.

Next item was the Fancy Dress Social held on the 4th February, 1912, to celebrate the closure of the cricket season. Several members appeared in Fancy dresses which were very highly appreciated by all present. The function was a new innovation in the Institute and every one enjoyed the evening thoroughly. Some prominent senior members graced the occasion with their presence and kindly acted as judges for deciding the two best dresses for which two silver medals were very kindly placed at our disposal by Babu Sarat Chunder Mitra, B.A., and Babu Sachindra Mohon Ghosh, B.L. Sj. Amulya R. Chakraborty as a Burmese gentleman and Sj. Nripendra N. Banerjee as a Kabuli got the 1st and 2nd prize respectively.

Tennis—has been played on the Marquis Square for only 3 days in the week—this being quite insufficient for the 25 regular members that we have in this department. Arrangements have been very recently made with the Marquis Square Committee by which one ground will be entirely set apart for the use of our members. Even this arrangement is not sufficient to meet the demands of so many members and the best thing will be to lay out a new court in the College Square as in past years.

An Inter-Club tournament in Tennis was held in the latter part of the season. 16 members entered. At the conclusion of the tournament the Hari Nath Dey Cup instituted by subscription among the members of the Institute, as well as Sir Charles Elliot Silver Medal, was won by Sj. Hari Das Roy, the winner of the tournament. Another silver medal was presented to the runner up, Sj. Sailendra N. Mitter.

The donors of the medals in this case were Babu Norendrakumar Bose, B.L., and Babu Ashutosh Mitter, a junior member of the Institute.

An Inter-Club Tournament was held in Badminton. 18 members entered. At the conclusion of the Tournament Sj. Dharendra N. Bhattacharyya got the

Sir Charles Allen silver medal, a second medal being awarded to S. J. Dharendra Das Gupta, the runner up.

The medals were very kindly offered by Dr. Choonilal Bose and Prof. Khagendranath Mitter, respectively.

Ping-Pong—A notable addition has been made in the Athletic Section by the purchase of a well-equipped regulation size Ping-Pong table and it is the most popular of all indoor games.

An Inter-Club Tournament was held in Ping-Pong also. 16 members entered. Kanti Ch. Mukerjee having stood first won the Nalinbehari silver medal. Another silver medal was awarded to S. J. Ashutosh Mitter, the runner up. The donors in this case were Babu Sylendra Nath Sirkar and Dewan Bahadur Dr. Hiralal Bose.

There were arrangements also for several indoor games such as Carron, Chess, Spelka etc., which were fully taken advantage of by the members.

Our Wants—Our chief and foremost want is want of space. For want of space the South-Western Verandah of the Institute has been covered and turned into a games-room.

The members feel very keenly the want of a Tennis ground, entirely their own, throughout the season.

The cricket and foot ball suffer to a great extent for want of ground for practice and play. In the foot ball season at the present time the Institute have got the right of using the Marquis Square ground for 4 days in the month which is quite inadequate. This want of space was noticed by several speakers in the last annual meeting, including even the L. G.

Fortunately the Government has proposed to supply us with a playground for the benefit of the members of the Institute. We take this opportunity to thank His excellency the Governor and his Government for this evidence of practical sympathy for the Institute.

Our Thanks—are due to those gentlemen, both members and not members, who have very kindly helped me to carry on the work of the Athletic department so successfully by awarding the various prizes—the aggregate value of which amount to something like 150 Rupees.

I am extremely grateful to my brother Under-Secretaries for their support and co-operation.

Last of all I would be failing in my duty if I do not express my extreme thankfulness and gratefulness to Pro. B. N. Sen and to Prof. Khagendra Nath Mitter who was in special charge of the Athletic department, for the uniform courtesy, support and encouragement I have received from them.

AGHORE NÁTH GHOSE,

Under-Secretary.

The Students' Fund.

The total sum received during the Session under review has been Rs. 884-8-3 and the total sum disbursed Rs. 570-13, the balance left being Rs. 313-11-3, on the last day of June 1912.

The Receipts under different heads were as follows :—

					Rs.	As.	P.
Last year's balance	57	5	9
Subscriptions	123	3	0
Donations	346	6	0
Dramatic performances	357	9	6
					<hr/>		
					884	8	3

The corresponding expenditure under different heads were as follows :—

					Rs.	As.	P.
Paid towards buying books	135	2	6
Paid towards examination fees	173	0	0
Paid towards monthly stipends	190	0	0
Other helps	50	0	0
Contingency	22	10	6
					<hr/>		
					570	13	0

At the end of the session, the number of subscribers to the fund was 52 and donors only 15. The committee held altogether 9 meetings during the Session. 102 applications were received of which 56 were entertained—the rest had to be rejected mainly for want of funds.

The committee consisted of the following gentlemen :—

Prof. B. N. Sen (President), Sj. Anukulchandra Sannyal, Sj. Amulyratan Chakravarty, Sj. Atindranath Mukherjee, Sj. Mrittunjoy Chatterjee, Sj. Pannalal Mukherjee, Sj. Aghorenath Ghose, Sj. Panchanandas Mukerjee, Sj. Sisirkumar Bhaduri, Sj. Prafullachandra Ghatak, Sj. Phanigopal Basu, Sj. Sudhindrakumar Halidar.

Before I conclude, I think it is my duty to convey my thanks to the President of the committee and also to the Assistant Secretary for their kindness and courtesy, and to Sj. Prafulla Chandra Ghatak for his taking charge of the fund for the month of July.

SUDHINDRAKUMAR HALDAR, M.A.,

Under-Secretary.

REVIEWS.

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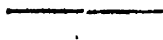
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Calcutta University Magazine

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{ SEPTEMBER 1912.

THE LOVE-POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

Love is a favourite theme with the poets of all ages. But it usually finds utterance in the beginning of Poetry, as in the beginning of Life, as a blind impulse, a throb of emotion, a stir of life and juvenescence expressing itself in a purely lyrical effusion. The human soul abandons itself to the joy of the moment, making the moment great, and forgets the whole world. Thus the happiness of love in its essence is said to be primal, and beyond the reach of any "proud philosophy"; it is the fruit of that inspired and inspiring "wonder-spirit" which is the source of all poetry. The poet, as a lover, therefore, must be born, not made.

This, at least, was the view of Erotic Poetry at the eve of the French Revolution when a new era of Poetry began in England. With the 'Renaissance of Wonder,' as it is happily phrased, there came an outburst of the personal element in literature, an assertion of the rights of the individual, an overflow of sensibility and self-will; for men began to look into their own hearts and write. The eloquent lyric cry was almost universal; even the drama and the epic caught something of that lyric note. Whether it finds expression in Keats's glowing fascinating paganism, or in Byron's gloomy passion with its poetry of shipwreck and hurricane, or in the suppressed melancholy, meltingly sweet, of Shelley, with its "desire of the moth for the star," or in the more exuberant than delicate love-lyrics of Moore,—the spirit of this Poetry is always the spirit of that *L'Etat c'est moi* in which is to be found the watchword of this revolutionary era. The great champion of the 'critical art' in the next epoch characterised this reckless individualism as ignorant and 'uncritical.*' But whether nourished by the best ideas or not, one of the chief articles of poetic faith of these

* Matthew Arnold. *Function of Criticism*.

romanticists was that the universal heart of man must be reached through what is most personal and individual.

Such was the ideal of Poetry in 1833, when Robert Browning published his first remarkable work, *Pauline*, a confession of youthful passion. The Byronic fever and the Shelleyean cry were at this time much in vogue; and Browning, in spite of the isolation and peculiarity of his genius, felt the influence as much, if not more, as his great contemporary, Tennyson. The doubt, the despair—the subjective malady of the age—although not fully Wertherian or Byronic or even Shelleyean, already finds its utterance here in its now subdued form.

I am made up of intensest life,
Of a most clear idea of consciousness
Of self—

the poet cries; and in his mood of subjective egoism, he feels he is eating his own heart—

I have nursed up energies
They will prey on me now—.

The poem itself is all “dream and confusion” (as the queer note in French tells us) shot with an excess of imagination and self-consciousness. In his later life, Browning laughed at this wild fruit of his genius—“only this crab remains of the shapely tree of life in my fool’s paradise”^{*}—and was for long unwilling to republish it, yet the value of the poem, in spite of its juvenile character, can never be underrated. Browning himself calls the poem ‘a fragment of a confession’; and this confessional character of the work, rightly commented upon by every critic since its publication, is significant, as forming the link which connects it with the Past. The extreme and fantastic self-consciousness which the poem reveals, strikes not only its keynote, but also, being the outcome of this incipient period of negation and unrest, it is the only trace that remains of Shelley’s influence on Browning’s as yet immature genius.

But this “Shelley-period” of Browning’s poetic life did not last long; and the love that he images in April of *Paracelsus*, his next great work, is something other than the youthful passion depicted in *Pauline*. The early rapture soon subsided; and as the world grew older, its poetry became soberer—sad with deeper sadness, happy with greater happiness. The poetic outlook on life became wider; it ranged over fresh fields of complex thoughts and feelings; and when the poet spoke of love, he spoke no longer with the extravagant and rapturous accents of youth but with the chastened and subdued voice of fuller manhood. The early romantic fervour exhausted itself, and poetry became more intellectual than passionate. The sense of the difficulty and complexity of modern life reflected itself in poetry; and the poet could no longer live in peace in the dreamy

^{*} Mss. Orr’s *Life and Letter of R. B.* p. 38 (1891).

lotos-land of artistic beauty. All great literature became surcharged with a deeper meaning—intellectual as well as artistic; and the unity as well as the variety of life in its various aspects began to be felt more deeply. The over-subjectivity or morbid self-consciousness, which had hitherto dominated poetry, gave way before the rationalistic tendencies of the age; and, with a critical readjustment of the poetic art and ideal, an objective basis was sought for them. Love is no longer a naturalistic yearning; to quote a dictum of Matthew Arnold's, the natural magic was gone and moral profundity took its place.

Pauline was received, if not with chilling disapprobation, at least with no great enthusiasm. The public saw in it, in spite of its extraordinary promise, nothing more than a re-iteration of the old theme; they needed no fresh addition to the already numerous followers of Byron and Shelley. Browning felt, and felt rightly, that what he wanted to say would fall flat, if he did not strike out his own path. Therefore, he resolved henceforward to abjure once for all, with a few rare exceptions, the poetry of self-analysis and self-revelation, in the spirit of which he wrote his *Pauline*. And the influence of the rationalistic thought of the age was already upon him. The glamour of Rousseau's philosophy was gone; the early gospel of the Revolution was found to be merely destructive, metaphysical and individualistic. The romantic poets themselves generally, and Byron in particular, were expressing with bitterness the individualism of the early revolutionary epoch together with the emptiness and sterility of the life which is merely individual and not social. After their disenchantment, men, in their task of re-construction of society, felt the necessity of a more comprehensive philosophy of life; and to call for such in poetry was not altogether wrong.

It should be noted at the outset that Browning's genius was eminently suited to the new mode which he now proposed to adopt. In spite of the Shelleyean note in *Pauline*, Browning's genius was never visionary and introspective; it was essentially dramatic. His poems, generally speaking, are appealing more by their dramatic truthfulness than by any charm of personal accent in them. In one of his well-known poems, ("At the Mermaid") Browning repudiates the theory that the writing of a poet, especially a dramatic poet, does, or should reveal his personality, and, speaking in the mask of Shakespeare, he asks:

Here's my work; does work discover
What was rest from work—my life?

and says:

Blank of such a record, truly,
Here's the work I hand, this scroll,
Yours to take or leave; as duly,
Mine remains the un-proffeted soul.

In another poem, he almost repeats the same idea and says, in allusion to Wordsworth's *Sonnet on the Sonnet* ;

' With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; '.....

Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he ! *

So Browning will never more unlock his heart to the world ; at most he will allow, he says,

A peep through my window, if folk prefer ;
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine !

The poet, therefore in Browning's opinion, is not a mere recording machine but essentially a creator ; and this view, it is almost needless to say, is prompted by no other cogent reason than his own conviction founded upon experience.

This then is the first indispensable idea to start with in the study of Browning's love-poetry, viz. that his poems are essentially dramatic. It would, however be, almost absurd to hold that Browning never even indirectly revealed himself in his poetry. Yet, after the deduction is made, we may safely hold that the moods and feelings described in his poems are not his own but they are such as naturally arise out of the dramatic situation in which a particular character is placed. In these cases, however, the most favourite method of Browning consists in his seizing upon the intensely dramatic moment of an individual life, and indicating, by a flash, its meaning and bearing on the whole. His poetry, to quote a happy phrase of Walter Pater's, is pre-eminently "the poetry of situations." (*Essay on Wincklemann.*)

This transition from the subjective poetry of the early revolutionary era to the objective "criticism of life" in Browning is indeed very interesting to trace. It cannot, however, be said with confidence whether this was an unmixed gain to Poetry. It may mean progress, but all progress involves some loss or sacrifice. Although gaining in a peculiar richness and weight, Browning's poetry, especially his love-poetry, rarely expresses that strong personal touch, that passionate intensity of unreflecting love, that total absorption of self in the life of the moment, which creates a *Vita Nuova* or an *Epipsychidion*. While the poet feels love, he also reflects, analyses, and even dissects it; the impulse scarcely ever absorbs everything in him except itself, or makes him forget the whole world for the moment with the Beloved. The stamp of intellectuality is borne upon every poem of Browning, not excepting even those which are strongly emotional. This peculiar turn of mind is habitual with him, and indicates, to no small

* "House" (*Pachiarollo and other poems* 1876).

degree, the deeply intellectual tendency of the time. While the lover loves, he also cogitates and philosophises; that "wonder-spirit" which must come *de profundis* comes merely out of his narrow intellect. In this sense, it has been sweepingly remarked by a learned critic that Browning's poetry, "like that of Wordsworth, but not so completely, is destitute of love-poem in the ordinary sense of the word."*

On the other hand, it must not be supposed that Browning's poetry lacks freshness, elasticity, or emotion. The common notion is that Browning is more a thinker or a philosopher than a poet; that his works lack that spontaneity or instinctiveness of utterance which constitutes the essence of all great poetry. It is indeed true that Browning's interests were mainly intellectual, and that he disdained to be the mere emotionalist or the adventurer in the domain of love; still it would be a most reckless proposition to state that Browning was no true poet, that he sacrificed his art to his intellect. This popular view about Browning's poetry is due partly to the fact that Browning was chiefly a dramatic poet, and as such he never could allow himself to be lost in the personal emotional life; and also partly to the fact that his followers, more than himself, were pre-eminently inclined to "intellectualism." The first of these grounds needs no refutation; for a dramatic poet may still be a poet in the true sense of the word, and whatever may be said of Shakespeare, Browning was not so completely a dramatic poet as to sink himself wholly in his *Men and Women*. As to the second ground, Browning himself once laughingly wrote "Wilkes was no Wilkite, and I am very far from being a Browningite."† Indeed we shall wholly mistake the true meaning of his poetry, if we approach it with the pre-conception that Browning was what his followers tried to make him out.

It cannot be denied, however, that the element of thought pre-ponderates in Browning's poetry; of all other poets, he is the one who is most seriously concerned with some of the deepest problems of life and human nature. Yet it would be now too late to contend that philosophical ideas are wholly irrelevant in a work of art. If the inspiration is genuine and spontaneous, what does it matter if it be the intuition, characteristic of a profoundly thoughtful mind? We need not really be frightened away by the term "philosophy." Philosophy, in order to find a place in a work of art, must first of all be transfigured by experience and imaginative intuition. All art, in this sense, is implicit philosophy; and the over-hasty critic, in his aesthetic craze, forgets that it is only imperfect art which limits itself to the depiction of the fervid sensuous aspects of life and leaves out of account the world of thought altogether.

Stopford A. Brooke's *Poetry of Browning*, p. 245.

† W. Sharp, *Life of Robert Browning* p. 180

With Browning, passion was of as much importance as thought itself.

So let us say—not 'since we know, we love,'

But rather, 'since we love, we know enough.' *

He could not, like Keats, cry out "O for a life of sensations rather than of thought!" yet, on the other hand, whether a deliberate artist or not, Browning could not completely abandon himself to mere intellectualism. It is this unity of thought and emotion which gives, a unique character to Browning's poetry. If his gospel is "In the beginning there was Thought" he also at the same time believes that absolute intellectual truth is unattainable, as it is always, for each of us, a matter of personal impression and therefore bound up with our own emotions, beliefs or prejudices. Browning had too comprehensive a view of human personality to disregard any of its essential elements. "More brain, O Lord, more brain!" was the cry of *Modern Love*: but Browning thought otherwise. The intellect must be fed as well as the emotions; the head must not be full, leaving the heart empty.

Thus the love-poems of Browning never lack sublime emotions: but they are also at the same time the utterances of a man of profound culture and thoughtfulness. This is the special charm of Browning's poetry, in which thought is never detached from the intense realism of passion. A luminous piece of criticism it is which says that "Browning's poetry is the finest poetry in the world" because it does not deal with "abstractions," because it "does not talk about raptures and ideals and gates of heaven, but about window-panes and gloves and garden walls."† Passion is always realistic; it can never live, like thought or intellect, upon abstractions and generalisations; it must have actualities to feed upon. But Love is always described in Browning not only as a real passion, but it is also represented in the way in which it always appears in the actual world, bound up with varieties of life and character. The intense dramatic moment reveals, by a flash, the long hidden vista which lies behind and around it; the emotion thus conveyed is necessarily more intense being more complex and more dramatic than what can burst forth into song in a purely lyrical effusion. It is for this reason that love in Browning always raises so many perplexing questions of life and character, and seldom succeeds in expressing itself in a genuine lyric emotion.

If all this means that love-poetry "in the ordinary sense of the word" is never to be found in Browning, it is time that our elemental conception of love-poetry should be changed. If Browning's genius is to be seen any where in its full glory, it is in those dramatic monologues which deal with love. *Wanting*

* "A Pillar at Sebsevar" (*Ferishtah's Fancies*),

† G. K. Chesterton's *Robert Browning* p. 49.

is—what? *Never the time and the Place, The Last Ride together, A woman's Last Word, One word more, Prospice, Lyric Love*, lyrics in *Ferishtah's fancies* and in *Asolendo, James Lee's Wife, Evelyn Hope, One way of Love, Natural Magic* and *Magical Nature*—to mention only a few at random—these and a hundred others form a collection which is no where to be met with in the whole range of English Literature. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that there are critics—as hasty as those that say Browning's poetry lacks the element of love—who would see nothing in Browning but a sublime "love-poet"! Yet the fact remains that the love-poems of Browning occupy a very high and conspicuous place in English Literature or probably in the literature of the world. And what marks them out as belonging to a distinct class is their superior loftiness of tone and the ultra-conventionality which lifts them above the common run, but which bewilders the orthodox critic.

SUSHIL KUMAR DE.

(*To be continued.*)

VAGRANT FANCIES.

No. I.

I go to College each morning early when the shop-doors are closed and return when the streets are storming with traffic and dust. And slowly pacing along the pavement, I put myself into a perfectly Addisonian humour, feeling myself more a spectator than an actor in this world, in it but not of it. In this state of mental insulation, one of my most frequent vagrant fancies connects itself with the street-crowd—the endless panorama of it, the jostle and preoccupation, the hurry and business, the ever-throbbing manifestations of the multitudinous activities of city-life. One—two—three—four—five,—there are perhaps a thousand people going their way, and each one has a history behind him, a home to shelter him amidst family caresses, a work which is perhaps the very breath of his life and a future which is either gloomy or bright. What wonderful, abundant life! What a perpetual reproach it is to the cloistered ascetic who wilfully casts aside this intensely human happiness of feeling the touch of "a thousand hearts beating with mine!" *Yet perhaps not exactly "beating with mine!"*

I think it was Emerson who found it to be some deduction from the otherwise complete greatness of Plato that Plato could not *Platonise* the world. Every atom, says Emerson, should have passed through the mind of Plato, and taken its colour and significance from there. But this being not the case with

him, Plato's theory of the world remains to-day a thing of shreds and patches. Plato failed to 'clap copyright on the world.' But is it not true that every one of us do in actual life what Plato failed to do in the higher plane of philosophy? Everyman's world is a copyright book to him and even the man in the street has his actual, working version of the world which tallies with nobody else's. I said just now that a thousand hearts do not exactly beat with mine. Yes,—to me the world is *this*, to him the world is *that*. I have hardly any theory of the world such as the constructive geniuses in philosophy attempted to evolve in India and in Greece. But in the practice of life I make the world my own, every atom of it must have its special, separate significance to me. I am the central light, coloured perhaps by a thousand hereditary influences, a thousand acquired thoughts and ideas, in short, by all the *idola* of Bacon, of a great globe which is the world. I have clapped copyright on the world in practice,—Plato could not do it in theory. And viewed in the light of this idea, what a wonder it is—this ever-shifting street-crowd! A thousand worlds of a thousand people! Where is the universally-minded humanist who can make a synthetic philosophy out of these diversified thoughts of the glorified man, the Demos! It is in this way—this way of diversity, not of unity—that a crowd appeals to me. I do not hear the monotone of universality, of the great primary passions singing within each breast, of the great fundamental thoughts running through each drain, but the infinite variety of sounds I observe the separate world of each separate man, the special outlook of each individual thinker,—the thinker not of the cloister, but of the street! These people of the crowd are my practical Platos with their copyright worlds.

As a matter of fact I am hardly certain whether this thought of mine has really any logical consistency. The reader may brush it aside as the mere cobweb of the brain of a thinking vagabond such as I have professed myself to be. Obsessed with the idea of the too frequently wide disproportion between the working actuality and the philosophic interpretation, we consider thoughts like these as attitudes without any base. But it is not always that a theory of life has not, as Montaigne erroneously thought, a bottom in the practice of it. For is the world not *really* a circle the centre of which is in each man?

Under the same circumstances, two men will feel as widely differently as the poles are asunder. Because the centre or rather the stand point of one is *here* and that of the other is *there*. How magically the appearance of the world changes with a change of the stand point! What to-day is the consummation of happiness is to-morrow the crown of sorrows. What to-day is the crown of myrtle is to-morrow the crown of thorns. It is the stand point, the centre, and the radius—shall I say?—of a man's vision that completes the

circle of his world. Look at each man in a miscellaneous crowd. There is a world around him, or rather the copy of a world, the original of which is this standing actual world of phenomena which is independent of the individual man and the true nature of which is sealed to man. Each man is the creator of a world, and how true it is that a man is a failure in as much as he fails to create his own world.

"As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light."

Archimedes, the *Pneusto* is within you! Fix the centre of your life within yourself and a great, wide world is around you. Otherwise you are lonely and your life is a 'thing of shreds and patches.'

Hence arises the necessity of every man's thinking out for himself a system of beliefs and fixing a permanent standpoint in regarding life and the world. This is the secret of 'Personality' a 'masked word,' as Ruskin would have called it, which everybody uses, but nobody understands. Everyone can *feel* what it is in even a momentary contact with a really great man! what a glowing world is around him! I read somewhere in a biography of Robert Browning that a lady remarked that the proximity of Browning affected her like an electric shock: her veins positively tingled and she felt all the sensations of an electric touch. Yes, electric, no doubt, is the great man's personality and he has also an 'electric field' round him.

But how is then the great man to be marked off from the little? The little man has an electric field, a world of his own creation, around him as much as the great. No! It is hardly an electric field. The great man's version of the world, —practical version, I mean,—is a living, glowing, light-scattering copy. The little man's is dull, tame and feeble. The difference between the two is the difference between a glorious, illuminated hand-written copy of a mediæval, monastic library and a plain, modern copy. I do not hold with Carlyle, to me the Emersonian conception of greatness as a question not of kind, but of degree, appeals more impressively. And led by a mere vagrant fancy, I delight to come to a conclusion which the most capricious master mind of a great modern democracy has endorsed.

And the street-crowd occupies me again. I feel the disease of the prince in Tennyson's mock-heroic who felt himself time and often to be a shadow moving about in a world of shadows. I withdraw into myself, and thought after thought and fancy after fancy comes crowding in upon me till, pacing long and lazily on, the door-front of my house confronts me and the familiar object looks a little strange and gives to the absent-minded philosopher just 'a gentle shock of mild surprise.'

INSTITUTE NOTES

Election of the Under Secretaries for the Session 1912-13.

With our learned Secretary, Prof. K. Mitter, M.A. in the Chair, with more than 350 members in assembly the election meeting commenced its proceedings at 6.5 P.M., on Friday the 2nd August. The last year's office bearers first read reports of their work.

The Under-Secretaries all dwelt upon the multiplicity of drawbacks and difficulties under which they had to labour, and concluded triumphantly with an account of all round successful progress and expansion. The reports being read, and applauded, the ballot commenced. All present voted. The Secretary read each of the voting papers, and we cannot too much admire his patience in restraining himself to the dull monotony of this trying operation up to 11 o'clock in the night. He was worthily supported by our beloved Assistant Secretary, Babu R. Ganguly, but for whose commendable assiduity the meeting would have been robbed of a large part of its success. Many of the old office-bearers, Mr. Bhaduri, Mr. Ghatak, Mr. Mookerjee and Mr. Chakravarty are office-bearers for this year too, and they have fully deserved the confidence of their electorate.

So the Institute election is over. Interest, excitement and enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch and the feelings of the candidates, where their fates hung in the balance, can be more easily imagined than described. Twelve months are gone and over after the last year's election. But what a languid, tame and poor show it was in comparison with this year's momentous event. What a impassioned yearning for the under-secretarial distinction! What an ardent ambition to command the confidence and the votes of the electorate! What a commendable enthusiasm to let the fittest survive!—These were the chief features of this year's election. Every one of the candidates put up a splendid and a sturdy fight. Success taken without exultation, disappointment borne without bitterness, a huge crowd, and a keenly contested fight, made this annual event unique in the annals of the Institute. Our sympathy with those who have failed to get in, and congratulations to those who have won their laurels in the contest. The names of the gentlemen elected are :—

1. Sj. Sisir Bhaduri, B.A.
2. „ Amulyaratan Chackraburty, B.Sc.
3. „ Praphulla Chandra Ghatak, B.A.
4. „ Nares Chandra Mitter, B.A.
5. „ Panna Lal Mukerjee, M.Sc.
6. „ Raghavendra Nath Banerjee.
7. „ Atindra Nath Mukerjee, M.A.

Two other Under Secretaries, Sj. Gopendra Nath Basu B.A. and Sj. Mani Kumar Mukherji B.A. were subsequently nominated by the Secretary.

All of them are well known to our members, and we hope that their energy would make this year's work a more than ordinary success.

Foundation Day Celebration.

The Foundation Day of the Institute was celebrated this year with great *clat* on Saturday, the 31st August. The proceedings commenced with a song sung by Babu Janapriya Mitra. Nawab Bahadur Abdur Rahaman made a short speech and called upon the acting Honorary Secretary, Prof. K. N. Mitter, to address the meeting. Mr. Mitter then welcomed the Senior and Junior members of the Institute. In doing so he said :—

It is customary for the Secretary to welcome the Senior and Junior members on the Foundation day of the Calcutta University Institute. I do not possess the charming eloquence of Mr. B. N. Sen whose place I have been called upon temporarily to fill, but the welcome I accord to you, gentlemen, is no less sincere and genuine. No one misses Mr. Sen to-night as I do and I wish with all my heart that he should soon recover, and take off from my shoulders the burden which properly belongs to him.

Twenty-two years ago this day, this Institution was started under the name of the Society for the Higher Training of Young Men which was changed for obvious reasons, to that of the Calcutta University Institute. Since then, its scope has been steadily expanding. The addition of an Athletic Department, following soon after its foundation, proved an important feature and the Junior members of this Institute were given the privilege of playing in Marcus Square which was acquired under the auspices of the University Institute and also in the North East corner of College square which was also filled up at the expense of the Institute. Somchow or other the members of the Institute came to lose the right of playing in these Squares, but it was restored through the great kindness of the late Sir Charles Allen.

The number of Junior members is steadily increasing. In 1891 the number of members was very small. In 1893 the number of Junior members was 137, The numbers on the rolls this day last year rose to 379, but to-day (Aug. 31, 1912) the number already exceeds 600 and I hope that before the year is out, the number of Junior members will have come up to one thousand (cheers)—not a very large number considering the number of graduate and undergraduate students who live in the town.

The Government also has shown its appreciation of our work by doubling its monthly grant and also by the recent magnificent offer of 3 lakhs for the purpose of providing a building for the Institute and a play ground for its men

bers (cheers). We may hope that next year we shall celebrate the Foundation day of the Institute in a much better way in our new hall.

I cannot conclude without paying my humble tribute of respect to the memory of those great and good men to whom this Institute owes its origin and success and whose portraits adorn the walls of this hall. As an old member of this Institute I cannot come to this hall without remembering with gratitude the names of men like Rev. Pratap Chandra Mozoomdar, Dr. C. R. Wilson, Babu Kali Charan Banurjee and Dr. Mahendra Lal Sircar. Their spirit lives amongst us to-day and continues to inspire noble aspirations in the minds of our Junior members who come to this hall, and to guide them in the path of truth, virtue and wisdom.

Mr. Mitter was followed by Mr. R. D. Mehta who, in his characteristic good humour, joined in the cordial welcome which had been accorded by the Secretary. He said that though the University Institute had attained its majority, it would never grow old, but always remain fresh and young. Prof. W. S. Urquhart, in his nice little speech, asked the Junior members to keep to the path of straightforwardness and virtue. Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, who on his arrival was received with uproarious cheers, congratulated in a few well-chosen words, the Institute on its twenty-second anniversary and urged upon the students the necessity of moral culture.

Then the students gave a few recitations. Babu Sisir Kumar Bhaduri gave a piece from Hamlet, which was excellent. Babu Nagendranath Bose's "stammerer" brought the whole house down. Two comic pieces composed and recited by Babu Radhanath Banerjee, B.L. made an excellent impression. Then followed a chorus of "Amar Janmabhumi" led by Babu Jnanpriya Mitra. An interval of ten minutes during which light refreshments were served to the senior members, and the performance of Mr. D. L. Roy's comic sketch "Punarjanma" by the junior members brought the proceedings to a close.

Dr. D. L. Roy, on being requested, made a short speech in which he thanked the members of the University Institute for the hearty reception they had given him. About five hundred Junior members were then treated to light refreshments which they heartily enjoyed. Mr. Mitter, the Secretary, was all attention to the guests and the Senior members all along. The function was a very successful one.

COLLEGE CORRESPONDENCE

Presidency College—On September 8th 1912, the students of the Presidency College entertained Dr. P. C. Roy at an evening party in the College Theatre-Hall on his return from England. The Theatre-Hall was gracefully decorated for the occasion. Our popular principal, Mr. H. R. James, took special care to make the function worthy of the illustrious guest.

Punctually at 6-30 P.M. Dr. Roy came in a motor. He was received by Mr. James on the landing. They then proceeded to the Hall where they were garlanded.

A large number of guests had already assembled there, among them being Sir Gooroodas Banerjee Kt., and Rai Chuni Lal Bose Bahadur.

With perfect melody, a student sang two songs composed for the occasion by Sir Gooroodas Banerjee Kt.

Mr. James then made the following speech.

“Dr. P. C. Roy and Gentlemen, I have to-day one of the lightest and easiest and pleasantest of duties to perform, and at the same time one of the heaviest and most responsible. It is a most responsible duty, because I have to try and express for all this large assembly—this unique assembly, for never I think has there been gathered together so great a number of members of Presidency College and friends of Presidency College, never I am sure in my experience—to try and express for all here their feelings towards Dr. P. C. Roy: it is a load under which an Atlas might well sink. At the same time it is a light and pleasant duty, because—for one reason—the feelings are my own feelings and I desire to express them, and also for a much better reason, because the theme is itself so rich and fertile and agreeable, and yet even so, since I came here, the task of rising to the level of this theme has been made more difficult because the best of it has already been expressed and given in song by a poet, himself the most venerated of old Presidency College men: after his poetry how can I hope to hit the mark with my poor prose?”

Our purpose in assembling here is to welcome Dr. Roy on his return from Europe. We were all glad when he was selected to represent Calcutta University at the Congress of Universities of the Empire, which was held in London this July; we were glad of the honour, so well deserved, done to him, and of the honour to us. We were pleased when we heard that he was received in England with the recognition which is his due as a distinguished man of science. We have admired the brave words he spoke in defence of Indian graduates and their degrees. We were pleased when another honorary degree

was conferred upon him. We are now most of all pleased to welcome him back home, to Calcutta, to Presidency College and to his work among us.

But this return to Calcutta is only the occasion of this meeting, the true reasons for it go much deeper than that. It is worth while to consider very briefly why our feelings towards Dr. P. C. Roy are so warm, and so strong—yours, and also mine. The first and most obvious reason is because of his kindness, benevolence, and beneficence to all students, because he has been ever ready to help them with advice and with any other assistance they might need to the limit of his resources, and, perhaps, beyond. That is one reason. Another is what he has achieved as a man of science. To give a full and detailed account of Dr. Roy's work as a man of science would take much longer time than suits this occasion. Four main heads are easily noticed. The first is Dr. P. C. Roy's chemical discoveries, the original investigations by might of which he takes his recognised place among chemists, next there is his work on the History of Hindu Chemistry, which is the standard work on the subject and has made known to the worlds of science and of letters exactly what and how considerable were the attainments of ancient India in chemistry. Another achievement of his which ought very specially to be remembered is the establishment of the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works, an important and successful industrial enterprise. It is everywhere recognised that one of the greatest needs of the time for all India and for Bengal in particular is industrial development. Dr. P. C. Roy is not a business man, but a man of science ; but where business men have failed, he has helped to found a really successful industrial enterprise. And whereas he has contributed to the enterprise the best he had to give, his knowledge and genius for Chemistry, and done so much to make it a commercial success, he has left it to others to draw the dividends. There is one other achievement more which I think is the greatest of all : Dr. Roy has trained and is training in his laboratory that is in this laboratory of ours here, a band of young Chemists to carry on the work he has begun, so that a distinguished French professor has written of that laboratory as 'the nursery from which issue forth the Chemists of new India.' The poem you have listened to spoke, of a new dawn and an awakening in India, it is for these young Chemists, it is for all students here, to hearken to the call which Dr. P. C. Roy himself has given and to make the awakening real and powerful.

But there is yet something else which inspires our feelings to Dr. P. C. Roy and carries them beyond even esteem and affection into a feeling more like reverence, something which is greatest and most important of all. The song has anticipated me in this also. It is the nobility of his life ; the purity of his character, his inspiring devotion, his rectitude, his sincerity, his absolute

disinterestedness Dr. Roy has attained to great and deserved distinction, and it is only right that he should have so attained. But it is his high and rare distinction that in all his career he has set before himself the *work* and not the reward, the *service* and not the honour paid to good service. All the more shall he be honoured by us and his name remembered by your children and your children's children.

Dr. Roy I bid you welcome back to Calcutta on behalf of all here."

Mr. P. C. Bose and Mr. D. N. Bhaduri addressed Dr. Roy on behalf of the students.

Dr. Roy then replied in these terms :—

"Principal James, Gentlemen and my young friends! working the best part of my life in the recess of the laboratory I have not been able to cultivate the art of speech making; and even if I did, I confess, words fail me adequately to give expression to my pent up feelings on an occasion like this. I am choked up with emotions. I always thought that it was the privilege of the oriental people to indulge in language of exaggeration and I am afraid our respected Principal has not been able to escape from the contagion. Otherwise I cannot account for the glowing and high flown eulogy in which he has been pleased to speak of me. As regards the song which has been composed on the occasion, I would have taken it as a huge and practical joke upon me had not the venerable name of my distinguished countryman been associated with it. As it is, I take it as the holy dust of his feet. It is true that lately I had the privilege of receiving an honour at the hands of our beloved Sovereign and a coveted distinction from a British University; I assure you, however, gentlemen, that I consider it a richer reward and higher distinction to be able to earn the good will, esteem and affection of my colleagues and pupils. In fact, 'I shall consider this evening' as the proudest and happiest day in my life. I thank you most sincerely for the reception which you have been pleased to accord to me."

The programme included Bioscope, by the Royal Bioscope Coy., Comic sketches by Prof. Chittaranjan Goswami and song by S. Janapriya Mitter, B.A. The guests and the students were then treated to a light refreshment.

The success of the evening depended entirely on the untiring energies of our popular professors, Babu Khagendra Nath Mitter, M.A., and Babu Prophulla Chunder Ghose, M.A., and to our Secretary, Srijut Khagesh Mitter, B.Sc.

KHAGEN ROY,
Fifth Year Class,
Presidency College.

REVIEWS.

A Study of Indian Economics—Pramathanath Banerjee, M. A., Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d. net.

It is a most gratifying sign of the times that greater and greater attention is being paid by our countrymen to the application of economic principles to Indian problems. The fruit of such an effort is Prof. Banerjee's "Study of Indian Economics." It is "an introductory manual for those who wish to make a serious study of Indian Economics:" it is more than this: it is a scientific study by an impartial observer of the facts and problems of Indian economic life. We are now at the parting of ways—Agricultural India is being rapidly metamorphosed for good or for evil—for evil rather than for good—into Industrial, Manufacturing India. In this period of economic transition it is a task of great difficulty to sift the permanent from the evanescent, the fact from the fiction. But our learned author has thoroughly succeeded in his task by attempting to represent the different sides to every question in the fairest possible manner, and by availing himself of the best possible sources of information in respect of the various subjects dealt with in the book.

What strikes us most in the volume before us is the lucidity of expression and the calm judicial spirit of the author. We admire the author's chapters on "Currency and Banking" and "The State and Economics." We thoroughly agree with the author's clear and bold view of the Indian Fiscal Policy: "They would advocate protection only for those industries *which may have a reasonable chance of success*. The ultimate ideal of the so-called Indian Protectionists is Free trade."

We should, however, take the liberty of pointing out to the learned author what seems to us to be the shortcomings of the book. We keenly felt the want of a good Index at the end of the book. With due deference to the learned author we hope that the treatment of the following important topics will be made fuller with greater details in the next edition—(1) Coöperative Credit Societies, (2) Famines—their causes and remedies, (3) The Rise of Prices, (4) Home Charges, (5) Railways and Irrigation—which is more necessary now?

The get-up of the book leaves nothing to be desired: the price is very cheap considering the merits of the book. Publicists and students of Indian Economics at our Universities will find the book invaluable to them: a perusal of the book would make them wiser and better *Indians*.

- THE -

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OCT. & NOV. 1912.

IN PRAISE OF THE "ONE ALONE"

[The remarkable hymn, of which this is a free rendering in English verse, was written about 1375 B.C., in the reign of Amenhotep IV, the Egyptian reformer-king, of the XVIIIth Dynasty. It was composed either by him, or by his orders, and was found engraved on the walls of his tomb. Amenhotep IV took the name Iknaton, Glory of Aton, and propagated with all the strength of the monarchy the worship of Aton, (i.e. the radiant energy of the sun, the vital life-sustaining heat of the sun, not the sun itself) as a monotheistic cult, which was to oust and replace the various polytheistic cults of the day. Petrie says: "Iknaton had bounded forward in his views and symbolism to a position which we cannot logically improve on at the present day. Not a rag of superstition or falsity can be found clinging to this new worship evolved out of the old Aton of Heliopolis." Like the early Christians, these early monotheists denied the existence of any other god. They worshipped the "One Alone." But their intolerant attitude to the gods of Egypt caused a reaction; and after Iknaton's death Egypt devoted herself once more to an ever-widening circle of gods and goddesses.]

Oh Aton, oh sun's disk, I hail thee resplendent,

In whom are the springs of life and its springs ;

I hail thee in rising, I hail thee ascendent,

I hail too the glory, the beauty, which clings

To the lands when thine earliest gleam passes by,

And the fields that are bright when thou shinest on high.

Oh Aton, I hail thee, the sun-god refulgent,

Great Ra is thy name, and all lands are thine own ;

Thou mad'st them and took'st them, a captor indulgent,

Whose chains are the chains of affection alone.

Thou art distant, but down to the earth comes thy ray ;

Thou art high, but thy step in the dark is a day.

Oh dead are the dead who lie rolled in their wrappings ;

The service of nostril and eye is no more :

They see not their fellows, they hear not theappings

Of those who come knocking outside the tomb door.

Though their cased mummy heads lose their pillows, they sleep ;

For the sleep of the dead is a slumber that's deep.

And dead is the world when the sun's disk is dipping,
And deadly the beasts that come forth from their lair.
When over the edge of the west he is slipping,
Wake serpents and lions, and men must beware :
For the darkness is king of the earth, and the roar
Of the earth comes to silence, when Aton's no more.

But Aton is living, and sleep hath an ending,
And soon comes a glow that suffuses the sky ;
And earth puts on beauty, when Aton is sending
His rays that the night strives in vain to defy ;
For the murk and the gloom are the kings of the night,
But they flee at the touch of the King of the Light.

The North Land and South Land of Egypt awaking
Arise with new joy as they welcome their King.
And lo ! men have bathed, and their raiment are taking
Anew for the day which the living rays bring.
Then with hands lifted high they remain to adore,
And go forth to their work till the evening once more.

The cattle amidst the green herbage are sleeping,
But wake with the trees at the touch of the ray ;
In dances of welcome the sheep are all leaping ;
The birds flutter wildly to greet the new day.
For the sun is the source of their life, and they spring
To the air as they worship with homage of wing.

The waters of Egypt make haste to adore thee,
And northward and southward the ships go their way ;
The fishes leap forth from the river before thee,
O Aton, to welcome thy genial ray ;
And the blaze of thy light strikes a path in the sea
That is flowing around us with streams that are free.

The babe lies in silence and peacefully sleeping,
Whom Aton hath kindled to life in the womb ;
For Aton the nurse stills the voice of his weeping,
And hushes his cries ere he leaveth his tomb.
But the day that was set is now come ; and the meed
Of fair speech Aton giveth, and things to his need.

All silent the chick in the eggshell is lying,
 Yet lives, for upon him thou castest thy spell ;
 But hark to the voice of his cheeping and crying,
 For lo ! thou hast touched, and he bursts from the shell.
 And then gleefully chirping he runs round in play,
 While with feet and with voice he delights in the ray.

O Aton thou settest all things in their order ;
 Thy joy is to sate all the needs of our race ;
 Each servant of thine rests secure in his border ;
 We number the tale of our days by thy grace.
 And the name of divider we give to thee too,
 For thy ray parts the folk by their speech and their hue.

O God, thou art one, thou art sole, thou art only,
 Inscrutable, manifold, wondrous thy works ;
 For once thou wast life sole-existing and lonely ;
 And now thou hast made all that wanders and lurks
 In the forest and jungle, the air and the bush,
 In the lands of the Amu, in Khem and in Kush.

E. F. OATEN.

MR. H. M. PERCIVAL.

(An appreciation.)

Education is the soul of national progress, and whoever helps to further the cause of education in this country, is a true friend and benefactor of its people. Such a man is Mr. Hugh Melville Percival. With him are associated thirty years of service to the cause of higher education in this country.

A single man, wedded to literature, Mr. Percival passed his days in holy communion with the spirits of the dead who have bequeathed to posterity the labours of their lives. Mr. Percival was a man of books : he lived among his books, slept among his books, and drew the inspiration of his life from his books. His sole enjoyment and diversion after a hard day's toil was Music : he courted the Muse of Music by playing on the piano and thus chased away the gloominess of mind begotten of loneliness in life.

The memory of his services as a professor is yet too green in the minds of his grateful pupils to enable them to have a true perspective. Yet who does not remember the hearty laugh we had with him over the amusing conversations

of Master Launcelot with Old Gobbo, or over Lamb's lucubrations over the Roast Pig or his vivifying reading of Shakespeare which is still ringing in our ears? His deep penetration into the mysteries of Wordsworth, his clear exposition of the philosophy of Burke and Bacon, his calm appreciation of the teachings of Tennyson have made a deep impression on our minds. Nor have we forgotten his clear exposition of the Marshallian Principles of Economics and the Spencerian dicta of Sociology and his wonderful grasp of historical facts and details. His reading was vast and deep; his characteristic was *thoroughness*. A book read with Mr. Percival was read once for all.

It is Mr. Percival who has instilled into our minds that appreciative and reverential, yet critical, attitude with which a student ought to approach the study of a great classical author. He has led us by the hand along the long array of the great English classical writers, standing mute on the shores of Time and has introduced us to them, so that it is for us now to renew and to deepen that acquaintance.

As a man Mr. Percival is said to be unsocial—"a solitary Dodo," as a writer in this Magazine once characterised him. But I ask—is society composed only of the living? No, society is an organism composed of the dead, the living, and those yet unborn. And Mr. Percival's chief companions were the dead authors who lived in their works, in their teachings and in the inspiration that they have left for posterity. And who does not remember his presence at Hostel socials, at football matches and at college gatherings. If we have any complaint about Mr. Percival, it is that he disregarded the prior claims of our dear old *alma mater* in the disposal of his valuable collection of books which should have adorned a corner of the library of the greatest University in the East. But let that pass.

The silent influence of Mr. Percival's lofty character and genius—his honesty of purpose, his strict punctuality, his regard for truth in thought and action, his thoroughness in study and his hatred of sham—has had its effects on many generations of students, and that influence will be as silently transmitted to posterity. Here I shall depict certain traits in his character. He never believed in the efficacy of fines on students which, he said, were inflictions on parents. According to him honest repentance on the part of the guilty was the true punishment and it was to be inflicted by moral persuasion rather than by any other means. His punctuality was Kantian in its regularity. At five minutes past three his well-known *ticca gharry* would wheel out of the college compound—one might almost regulate his clock by observing Mr. Percival's departure from the college. He was also wonderfully regular in his attendance—we do not remember him to have absented for a single day—nay, for a single hour. About

every Honours student, Mr. Percival used to keep a record which he would consult at the time of granting certificates. He recorded the boy's conduct as he saw him every day, his marks in the papers examined by him, his method of English composition, his literary performances, etc., etc. Every word in Mr. Percival's certificate is weighed before it is written. Indeed so very careful is he about the wording of certificates that he never says anything about a student's *character*, for that, he says, is a psychic affair, but he only speaks of a student's *conduct*. As editor of Shakespeare and Tennyson, Mr. Percival is well-known in the wider literary world. In an American Dictionary I found he was cited as the only Asiatic authority on the English language and its pronunciation.

Such is the man—a conscientious, hard working, upright and dutiful man, a successful Professor, a great scholar—whose services to the cause of higher education in Bengal, his admiring pupils met the other day to commemorate. Mr. Percival is the last of the old stalwarts whose undying fame rests in the grateful memories of their pupils. Such a man should long ago have been decorated with an Honorary Litt. D. Is it too much to hope that our great and good Vice-chancellor—who is the most brilliant of Mr. Percival's pupils and who is taking such active interest in the matter of raising a suitable memorial to commemorate his services to the cause of higher education in Bengal—will give this question his earnest thought and consideration? A grateful pupil as the Hon'ble the Vice-Chancellor is, he only needs the hint, and the thing, I hope, will be done.

There could be no higher and no better testimony of the great love and esteem in which his students held him than in the impressive scenes on his last college day. As Mr. Percival descended with faltering steps and tearful eyes along the grand staircase, double-lined with his grateful and loving pupils, they bent their heads low in silent reverence and overwhelmed him with their floral tributes of love, esteem and gratitude. Then among the students and with them he was photographed. The students unhorsed his carriage, bedecked it with floral wreaths and dragged it all the way from College Street to Park Street in the full blaze of the summer sun. Under the portico in Mr. Percival's house, we all stood around the central figure, gazing upon his tired face beaming with overflowing love for his students. Suddenly Mr. Percival, in a low, subdued tone and with tearful eyes, uttered these words—"I have no children, I have looked upon you all as my children." None could restrain tears, and with those tears were washed away the barriers—if there were any—that prevented free mutual communion between him and us. One of us said, "Forgive us, Sir, if we have done anything wrong during the course of our college life." He rejoined, "I, too, ask you to forgive me likewise." What heart, what nobility of soul there was in these words! May God grant him peace, happiness and long life!

One of his admiring pupils.

VAGRANT FANCIES.

No. 2.

The humorist comes to us with something of an air of inferiority. "O, he is a mere humorist"—we say about one whose words we hardly intend to take seriously. In the business of earnest and serious minds—in philosophy, in higher idealistic poetry, in history and in criticism—he is regarded as an impertinent intruder and meddler. But the litterateur would often extend to him a superior sort of indulgence somewhat like that with which the Fool was treated in an ancient princely court. The fact is that as in behaviour so in our thinking we set up a standard of respectability. It is respectable to look upon certain things in a certain way and no other,—for example to regard the death of a friend as a bereavement which can present no possible bright side. Yet by taking a somewhat different view of the matter Sir Joshua Reynolds, we are told, won the life-long friendship of Dr. Johnson. Two dainty ladies were once speaking to Dr. Johnson of the death of a friend to whom they owed a very big debt of gratitude and were speaking of it as an unredeemed calamity to them. Sir Joshua Reynolds however nodded, retorting that they ought to be happy to have been relieved of such a heavy burden of gratitude. The ladies were naturally shocked at such an outrageous sentiment which sought to distil good out of so irredeemably evil a thing as the death of a benevolent friend. But Dr. Johnson, we are told, was so much struck with the correctness of Sir Joshua's point of view that he invited him to dinner and was his friend afterwards for life. Not only in this particular instance, but every where and in everything, our thoughts and feelings are guided to run into grooves already cut for us. A large part of our education consists in teaching us the set views of things: we cultivate respectability of thought as we cultivate respectability of manners. And when the humorist comes to us with his unorthodox views and disreputable suggestions, we regard him as a boor, a tramp, an Arab boy of the intellectual domain. Macaulay really took offence at Elia's defence of the Restoration Drama. But the more common attitude is to take it as mere "humour," *i. e.*, antics of the intellect which we may so far relax our strict manners as to delight in witnessing, but which on no account must be allowed to impair by imitation the decent and serious propriety of our "intellectual manners." Thus it happens that although in literature the position of the humorist is established, his function is generally regarded as only to bring sauce to the table, only to sharpen the literary palate, not to appease the appetite and feed the body. But a little reflection will convince one that the humorist is one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, for in the first place he emancipates our mind from routine and in the

second, he teaches us the kind of detachment which is the basis of all study. He thus lays the basis on which all sky-scraping superstructure of the intellect is to rise.

The humorous vein is found to be strongest in a child because his fresh and untutored apprehension of things is not likely to be narrowed by any artificial standard of respectability. As we grow up, we are taught to regard this as good and that as bad, to fashion our thinking to the prevalent standard. This, while it makes us better citizens and better members of society, makes us worse men. We lose the man's liberty of mind to gain the citizen's obedience to tradition and custom in thought as well as in everything else. But in this state of intellectual bondage which is believed to tame us into better and more serviceable members of society, the humorist comes to our rescue with his refreshingly novel views of men and things. We at first rub our eyes and either question their correctness or attempt to give them quietly the go-by. But once his point of view is established, the humorist is exalted into the great eye-opener of mankind. So Rousseau's exaltation of the state of nature must have appeared humorous to the orthodox thinkers of his time ; yet what world-shaking consequences in history, in philosophy and in literature have flowed from it ! He emancipated human thinking from routine and in so doing he exercised only on a larger scale and on a higher plane the true function of a humorist. We recognise the humorist readily on the delightful ways of the caressing pettinesses of life, but he is apt to escape our recognition on the sublimer heights of philosophy or politics. This is only because we are given to associating a certain meanness and want of respectability with the somewhat self-assertive individuality of the humorist. But here the great man and the little man belong to the same genius : only Elia makes us see the utility of the London street-beggar while Rousseau expatiates on the nobility of the primitive savage. Now Elia may be quite wrong and Rousseau's theory may be exploded, but what matters it the rescue of man's thinking from routine, the demonstration that all facts and truths are relative and that they have finer relations and subtler significances than your hide-bound thinker can ever dream of. And while the humorist thus renders one invaluable service to the intellect, another profit also accrues from him.

Why is it that the humorist is so extremely sensitive to the true proportion of things, while we at most take side-views and side-measurements ? The fine incongruities and the distant correlations of life impress the humorist immediately, while we remain purblind to them. The humorist catches the happiest and completest attitude of things intuitively and readily, seizes with ease the delicate lights and shades of life and throws, as says Walter Pater, over the

present the enchantment of the past. The reason of this is only that the humorist being out of the game of present life can see more of it at a glance. It is a most significant remark of Pater in his essay on Lamb that we are all humorists more or less with regard to the past and to its survivals in the present. But we all are too deeply involved in the present to be able to rise to those serene heights from which alone we may take as complete and organic a view of the present as we always can do of the past. A certain *headiness* is the penalty, as says the same critic, which all action must pay,—and headiness is fatal to that delicacy of apprehension which is the privilege of the humorist. Hence missionaries, controversialists, and philosophers are noted for their lack of humour, because they cannot help being heady. But the humorist has set his throne above the present : he is grandly neutral to all the burning issues of the present, he is royally detached from the weary strife of men as they hurry on in impoverished spirits towards their all-absorbing ends. The best humorists therefore have been recluses of the type of Addison and Lamb and at the substratum of all humour we feel reposing a sense of fine neutrality and philosophic detachment. The humorist treats life in the spirit of art. For us who are in the hurry of the present, life is more or less a thing of means and ends, of use and utility. But the humorist makes of it a thing of beauty : he looks at the form of it more than at its substance : he appreciates its pretty lines and carvings, but does not concern himself with the question whether it can be turned to use or not. But it does not necessarily imply that the humorist must forego or lack in the most human of virtue, viz. the virtue of sympathy. Sympathy on the other hand must be the very leaven of his nature,—sympathy of a kind. It is the commonest of common errors to look upon the attributes of our human nature in 'all the solitude and nakedness of metaphysical abstraction' and divide them into the water-tight compartments of virtues and vices. The fact is hardly realised that all our qualities are coloured things, coloured by circumstances, coloured by our spirit and temper, coloured in fact by a thousand things else. So sympathy from the spirit and temper of the man may lend itself to division into a variety of kinds. Thus there is the sympathy of the philanthropist and the sympathy of the artist, almost totally different in spirit and in consequence, although possibly traceable to some common hidden root in the obscure recesses of human nature. The philanthropist finds in his object of sympathy all the end, but the artist finds in it only the means to a further aesthetic end. And so the humorist finds in life not the end, but the means to an aesthetic end, he being the fine artist of life. Sympathy and insight with him are essential as they are essential even with men of action, but sympathy and insight of a totally different kind—artistic in nature and principle, feeding upon the form and not inextricably involved in the substance.

Thus the benefit which accrues from the study of a genuine humorist's works is the cultivation in us of a spirit of neutrality towards, and detachment from, the distracting involvements of current life. It begets in us an academic calm proper to all study and high thinking. We catch from De Quincey's contemplation of murder as a fine art and from Charles Lamb's defence of the Restoration Drama just that neutral and detached temper which we may bring to bear on our meditation of the deepest and highest subjects. The humorist thus serves our intellect greatly and essentially.

But if there is any direct contribution that humour makes to life, it does so in common with other forms of literature, but perhaps in a greater degree. Bring the spirit of art into life—is the message of all literature. Let us not think of the aesthetic sense which literature cultivates in us as "a light that never was on sea or land," but make it a kindly light to guide our steps in daily life. Even in offering a glass of water to the thirsty, in conveying food to our mouth, in trying our shoe-lace or rising from our chair, we are perpetually called upon to exercise our sense of beauty. The world would indeed lose three-fourths of its loveliness, if we only conceived of these petty details in a bare utilitarian spirit. Offering a glass of water to a thirsty man is more than a mere attempt to meet a physical need ; tying of the shoe-lace is more than a contrivance for the protection of the feet and rising from a chair is more than a relaxation of our cramped muscles into an erect posture. We must translate our study of literature into grace of manners and genteelity of conduct. And what form of literature is calculated to help us more in respect of this than that which makes of all the commonly neglected pettinesses of life, beautiful matters for delicate observation? Poetry, as all literature, does this no doubt, but the humorist's art does this more directly and readily. Hence if you would be a graceful gentleman, enter into the temper and spirit of the genuine humorists' writings.

SUKUMAR DUTT, M. A.

A HISTORY OF INDIAN SHIPPING AND MARITIME ACTIVITY.

A book has appeared under the above name from the pen of the distinguished scholar Prof. Radhakumnd Mukherjee. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Professor Mukherji has, by this single production, made a permanent name in the field of historical literature.

The name of the book prepares the reader for its subject matter. It is an historical account first of Indian shipping and secondly of the maritime activity conducted by it.

It would be a strange revelation to many of our readers that ancient India possessed such an industry as ship-building and cultivated it to so great an extent as to hold her own against all the contemporary nations of the world. But even to those few, who are not altogether ignorant of a few details of her maritime activity it would certainly be a pleasant surprise that such a complete and consistent case could be made out in favour of the art of ship-building in ancient India. With an amount of zeal and industry that extorts our unfeigned admiration Prof. Mukherji has ransacked the Sanskrit and Pali Literature published or in manuscript and brought all kinds of evidences, epigraphic, monumental and numismatic to bear on the point at issue. The result has been a picture as fascinating in its synthetic outline as in its most interesting details. Indeed we would fain believe that there is scarcely a sceptic in the land but would be constrained to believe, what has so long been ignored, that Indians of forgotten times were accustomed to build ships of the largest kind with which they braved the perils of the deep and traversed the Ocean from the coast of Africa to the Land of the Rising Sun.

It appears no doubt like a dream to day but a dream that Prof. Mukherji has proved beyond doubt to be once a stern reality. To do this was by itself no mean achievement but the Professor has done more than this. He further upholds that this art of shipping paved the way for a wonderful commercial activity by dint of which "for full thirty centuries India stood out as the very heart of the Commercial world" We resist with effort a temptation to give in outline the various classes of evidences, Indian and foreign, by which the Professor has maintained his position, and rest content with presenting to our readers a summary of the conclusions to which they lead. Thus it appears that India cultivated trade relations successively with the Phœnicians, Jews, Assyrians, Greeks, Egyptians and Romans in ancient times and Turks, Venetians, Portuguese, Dutch and English in modern times. She had colonies in Pegu, in Combodia, in Java, in Sumatra, in Borneo and even in the countries of the farther East as far as Japan. She had trading settlements in South China, in the Malayan Peninsula, in Arabia and in all the chief cities of Persia and all over the east coast of Africa. Besides these general conclusions we may note some interesting details. For example, there is evidence to show that commerce by sea between India and Babylon must have been carried on as early as about 3000 B. C. Another interesting fact is that India was the main supplier of the world's *luxuries* and consequently had the balance of trade clearly in her favour. She was thus, for many centuries, the final depository of a large portion of the metallic wealth of the world and this supply of gold she obtained not as did Europe from America

* A History of Indian Shipping and Maritime Activity from the Earliest Times By Radhakumud Mukherji. Published by Longmans & Co. Price 7s. 6d net.

in the 16th century, by conquest or rapine, but by the more natural and peaceful method of commerce. It was this flow or drain of gold into India that so far back as the 1st century A. D. was the cause of alarm and regret to Pliny who calculated that fully a hundred million Sesterces (£70,000 of modern English money) were withdrawn annually from the Roman Empire to purchase useless oriental products such as perfumes, unguents and personal ornaments. The statement of Pliny is corroborated by the fact that Roman coins have been found in profusion in Southern India. We could almost infinitely multiply such charming details but our scope would not allow it and we leave it to our reader to find them out in the original book.

Before we conclude we would make some general observations. First as to the credit due to the author. The singular merit of the book hardly admits of a doubt but it may be argued that the author is at best a good compiler and he should be credited with nothing more than a praiseworthy amount of zeal and industry. To this proposition we can by no means agree. We fully admit that besides the manuscript of *Yukti Kalpataru* all the other evidences put forward are not such as could not have been culled by indefatigable zeal and industry of an average intellect. But the one thing lost sight of by superficial critics and which raises the author to the rank of a genius is the 'conception' of the book. If small things might be compared with great we would unhesitatingly compare the achievements of Prof. Mukherji with those of Columbus. Any sailor with average nautical experience could have sailed for days together and at last landed in America but it required a genius to conceive the possible existence of such a land. In the same manner a student of average intellect could certainly have brought together almost all the items of information contained in the book but none but genius could have conceived the possibility of a strong and consistent case being made out in favour of the shipping and maritime activity of ancient India from the materials available at present.

Next we would convey to our readers the very great and high ideals which, in our opinion, underlie the present task of Prof. Mukherji. Almost all the critics who have hitherto dealt with the book have failed to notice it, but as we understand it, to omit it is to leave unexplained almost half of the meaning of the book. Our author is one of the little band of young scholars who refuse to accept the current theory that Indian civilisation grew and developed in solitary isolations. They hold, on the contrary, that the influence is a potent factor in the history of Civilisation of the whole of Asia. From the earliest time even the remotest corner of Asia imbibed the spirit of her civilisation in all its elements. What the modern scholars would explain as the introduction of Buddhism into China and other oriental countries they would interpret as the 'Indianising' of

the oriental world. India, in short, played the same part in Asia which was played in subsequent ages by Greece and Rome in European world. The greatest obstacle to the acceptance of this theory was the position hitherto maintained that India had no communication with other countries. This, Prof. Mukherji has shown to be untenable and he has further made it clear that so far at least one element of civilisation is concerned. *viz*, commercial activity, India was the guiding spirit of the oriental world. This is all the more valuable for the intellectual supremacy of Indian civilisation has never been doubted and it is in this and similar elements alone that India is considered least likely to have influenced her sister civilisations. Now that Prof. Mukherji has proved the "least likely" to be a certain fact, we may very well rely upon the reconstruction, at no distant date of the true history of ancient India and her relation to the oriental world.

RAMESH CHANDRA MAJUMDAR.

INSTITUTE NOTES.

(a)] *Charity Performance of "Jana".*

On the 23rd September last the Junior Members of the Calcutta University Institute staged Girish Babu's "*Jana*" before a large and distinguished audience. This performance is an annual function of the Institute, held in aid of the "Students' Fund" which was started in 1908 to help deserving poor students. The hall was packed to its utmost and there were present, among others, Sir Ashutosh Mukherji, the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, Dr. P. K. Roy, the Hon'ble Dr. Devaprasad Sarbadhicary, M. M. Dr. Satish Chandra Vidya-bhusan, Rai Jatindra Nath Chaudhuri, Mr. B. L. Chaudhuri, Babu Lalit Chandra Mitra, Rai Bahadur Dr. Chuni Lal Bose, Babu Hirendra Nath Dutt, Prof. S. R. Dutt, M. M. Pramatha Nath Tarkabhusan, Prof. Radha Kumud Mukherji, Kaviraj Jamini Bhusan Ray, Prof. Pramatha Nath Banerjee, and Mr. R. D. Mehta and Dr. Jotindra Nath Banerjee. There were also many ladies present, amongst whom were Mrs. B. L. Chaudhuri, Mrs. S. K. Dutt, Mrs. D. N. Mullick.

When the curtain rose a batch of Junior Members sang in chorus a song in praise of Bengali Literature, specially composed for the occasion by Babu Kalidas Roy, B. A., a Junior Member of the Institute. The song was highly appreciated by the audience. The performance itself was a grand success which was due not only to the great ability and histrionic skill displayed by the actors themselves, but also in a large measure owing to the excellent dresses, costumes and arms prepared by Babus Suniti K. Chatterji, B. A., Nihar Chandra Dutta, B. A., Aghore Nath Gosh and Promode Kumar Rudra. No thanks are sufficient for those gentlemen who spared no pains to make the dresses as historically accurate as

possible. Babu Manmatha Mohan Bose, M. A., of the Scottish Churches College, was responsible for the coaching and getting up of the play. He supervised the performance all through and the success of the play is to a great extent to be attributed to him. Babu Dinanath Hazra, the celebrated "Pakhoaj" artist, was present during the performance and contributed largely to the success of the songs. The "Students' Fund Committee" is highly obliged to him for this.

On the fall of the curtain the actors and workers appeared in a body and cheered the Hon'ble the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Gooroodas Banerjea, Dr. Devaprosad Sarbadhicary, Prof. K. N. Mitter, the Secretary of the Institute, and Prof. Manmatha Bose. The Vice-Chancellor congratulated the actors on their success. Four prizes were offered by Sir Asubutosh Mukherji, Sir Gooroodas Banerjea, Prof. K. N. Mitter and Babu Narendra K. Bose, to be awarded to the most successful actors, and the Vice-Chancellor, under whose patronage the performance was held, was asked to adjudge these. The prize-winners were announced in order, "*Jana*" (K. Mukherji), "*Bidushak*" (Jnanapriya Mittra). "*Prabir*" (Sisir Bhaduri), and "*Arjuna*" (I. Bose). Sir Gooroodas Banerjea addressed a few congratulatory words to the actors.

As the demand for tickets exceeded the supply, and many people had to go away disappointed, a second performance was given on the 28th September. There was a vast gathering, and among them, a number of respectable *Zenana* ladies for whom special arrangements were very successfully made. The Hon'ble Mr. J. G. Cumming C. I. E., I. C. S., Commissioner of the Presidency Division and our President, graced the occasion by his presence and there were among others, Sir Gooroodas Banerjea, the Hon'ble Babu Bhupendra Nath Bose, and Maharaja Bahadur of Nadia. The second performance was a still greater success than it was on the previous night. The players, without exception, acquitted themselves creditably. Five more prizes were awarded in order to the gentlemen who played in the roles of "*Sreekrishna*," (Raghabendra Banerjea), "*Madan-manjuri*," (K. Ray), "*Gongarakshak*," (N. Bose), "*Neeladhwaaja*," (P. G. Bose), and "*Agni*," (Procash Bose). The donors were the Maharaja Bahadur of Nadia, the Hon'ble Babu Bhupendra Nath Bosu, Babu Satindra Nath Makerjee, Vakil, Dr. Jatindra Nath Banerjee and Mrs. B K. Lahiri. As in the previons performance great credit is due to Prof. Manmatha Mohan Basu, M. A., who did his best to coach up the players. A well-known musical band was in attendance and Babu Dinanath Hazra played on the "Pakhoaj."

(b) *Athletic Notes.*

The Institute played its first cricket match of the season on the 23rd November against the Mohonbagan A.C. We went in first and after knocking out a

century for the loss of nine wickets declared our innings close. They went in next and scored 71 runs for nine wickets when the time was up. Though it was a drawn game according to the rules of cricket yet it was apparent to the spectators that we had a moral victory that day.

OUR DIARY.

(c) *July to October 1912.*

- July 5. Meeting of the Executive Committee.
- „ 6. Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee.
- „ 8. Annual Meeting of the Junior Members to elect one of their representatives on the Executive Committee.
- „ 17. Opening Social Gathering of the Institute—
 - (i) Short speeches*by Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, Principal H. R. James, Principal Herambo Chandra Moitra and Prof. W. S. Urquhart.
 - (ii) Recitations.
 - (iii) Music—Vocal and instrumental.
 - (iv) Comic Sketch—(*Ekannobarty Paribar*).
- „ 19. Mr R. C. Bonnerjee read a paper on “Cobden,” Prof. Monohar Lal presiding.
- „ 22. Prof. Lalit Kumar Vidyaratna read a paper in Bengali “Alliterations' Loud Laughter,” Sir Gooroodas Banerjee presiding.
- „ 23. Meeting of the Representative Committee.
Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee.
Debate Meeting of the Junior Members.
- „ 31. Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee.
- August 1. Meeting of the Executive Committee.
- „ 2. Meeting of the Junior Members to elect their representatives for the session 1912-13.
- „ 6. Meeting of the Representative Committee.
Meeting of the Library Sub-Committee.
- „ 21. Meeting of the Building Sub-Committee.
Meeting of the Representative Committee.
- „ 23. Meeting of the Executive Committee.
- „ 24. M. M. Pramatho Nath Tarkabhusan's lecture in Bengali on “Indian Philosophy,” Dr. P. K. Roy presiding.
- „ 26. Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee.
- „ 27. Meeting of the Representative Committee.
- „ 28. Meeting*of the Members of the Rowing Club.
Debate Meeting of the Junior Members.

Aug. 31. Foundation Day Celebration.

- (i) Speeches by Prof. K. Mitter, Mr. R. D. Mehta, C.I.E., Prof. W. S. Urquhart and Sir Gooroodas Banerjee.
- (ii) Vocal and instrumental Music.
- (iii) Comic Recitation.
- (iv) Performance of a Comic Sketch "*Punarjanma*."
- (v) Refreshments.

Sept. 2. Social Gathering to meet Sj. Sudhindra Kumar Halder prior to his departure for England.

" 9. Prof. K. Mitter read a paper on "Happiness" in Bengali, Sir Gooroodas Bannerjee presiding.

" 12. Meeting of the Students' Fund Committee.

" 16. Inter-Collegiate Recitation Competition—English.

" 17. Do. Sanskrit.

" 18. Do. Bengali.

" 20. Do. Persian.

" 23. Charity Performance of "*Jana*" in aid of the Students' Fund.

" 28. 2nd Charity Performance Do.

Oct. 1. Meeting of the Executive Committee.

" 2. Debate Meeting of the Junior Members.

" 8. Social Gathering to meet Dr. P. C. Roy and the Hon'ble Dr. Devaprosad Sarbadhikari.

(d) *Inter-Collegiate Recitation Competition.*

16th Sept.	English—Number of candidates	18
	Colleges represented	10

Judges :—(1) Prof. J. R. Bannerjee.

(2) W. C. Wordsworth, Esq.

(3) Rev. W. G. Brockway.

Prize-winners :—

(1) A. F. M. Moshin Ali ... Presidency College.

(2) A. Mercas ... C. U. Institute.

(3) Suresh Chandra Bose ... Bangabasi College.

Hemanta Kumar Mukerjee ... L. M. S. Institution, Special prize
for correct pronunciation.

Honourable mention :—

(1) Hemanta Kumar Mukerjee.

(2) Pulin Behary Palit.

17th Sept. Sanskrit :—	Number of candidates	18
	Colleges represented	11

- Judges :—(1) M. M. Kali Prasanna Bhattacharjee.
 (2) Pandit Kali Krishna Bhattacharjee.
 (3) Principal Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan.
 (4) Pandit Rajendra Nath Vidyabhusan.

Prize-winners :—

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-----|---------------------|
| (1) Dharendra Nath Pande | ... | Krishnagar College. |
| (2) Bipin Behary Bose | ... | Bangabasi College. |
| (3) Suraj Kumar Das | ... | Presidency College. |
| (4) Sudhir Kumar Banerjee | ... | Bangabasi College. |
| (5) Bikramjit Sabaya | ... | City College. |

Honourable mention :—

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-----|---------------------|
| (1) Kamal Kishore Biswas | ... | C. U. Institute. |
| (2) Hari Mohan Bhattacharjee | ... | S. C College. |
| (3) Siva Prosad Biswas | ... | Krishnagar College. |

18th Sept. Bengali :—	Number of candidates	24
	Colleges represented	13

- Judges :—(1) Babu Jogendra Nath Bose.
 (2) Babu Hemendra Prosad Ghose.
 (3) Prof. Pramotho Nath Banerjee.

Prize-winners :—

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|--------------------|
| (1) Susthir Kumar Bose | .. | Ripon College. |
| (2) Raghavendra Nath Banerjee | ... | C. U. Institute. |
| (3) Suresh Chandra Bose | ... | Bangabasi College. |
| (4) Krishna Kumar Mukerjee | ... | Sanskrit College. |
| (5) Sudhir Kumar Sircar. | ... | Ripon College. |

Honourable mention :—

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-----|---------------------|
| (1) Sudhir Kumar Banerjee | ... | Bangabasi College. |
| (2) Chameli Kumar Chatterjee | ... | C. U. Institute. |
| (3) Saraj Kumar Das | ... | Presidency College. |

20th Sept. Persian :—	Number of candidates	2
	Colleges represented	2

- Judges :—(1) Shamsul Ulma Sheikh Mahammad Jilani.
 (2) Nawab Bahadur A. F. M. Abdur Rahaman.
 (3) Moulvi Kazim Shiraji.

Prize-winner :—

M. Ahmed Jouas.

COLLEGE CORRESPONDENCE.**City College :—**

The college opened its current session with 1350 students on its Rols—a figure which is larger than the number of pupils in any college in India—and of this number the second-year class alone contributed about five hundred. Mr. S. C. Basu, A.M. (Nebraska), late of Victoria College, Coochbehar, joined the college at the beginning of the session as Professor of Economics and is *now* becoming popular amongst students. Prof. H. K. Gupta, M.A., P.R.S., left the college for England at the beginning of the session. He is studying advanced Chemistry. Except these and a few other appointments of teachers and assistant professors there had been no other change in the staff. The result of the last University examinations was very satisfactory. Fortyfive per cent. passed in the I. A. and fortythree per cent. in the I. Sc., one having stood seventh in order of merit.

The two girl students who appeared at the I. Sc. college examination from our college both passed in the first division, and one of them has also been successful at the I. A.

At the last B. A. examination one student was a First class, first in Mathematics while another in Sanskrit. Besides these several others passed with first and second class honours in English, Philosophy, Sanskrit and Mathematics.

The college XI became the holders of the United cup at the last foot ball season by defeating a scratch side of the Blackwatch—a result quite unique in the annals of College Soccer in Calcutta.

The annual prize distribution of the college and school came off before the closing for the Pujah in which besides the prizes of books, some gold and silver medals were also awarded to meritorious students.

The Hon'ble the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, Sir Ashutosh—formerly a student of our college—presided on the occasion and delivered a most feeling and eloquent address, wishing the college all success in its future career of usefulness.

He concluded his speech by kindly promising to contribute five hundred rupees towards the Building Fund of the college, which has been newly started for the purpose of erecting a new and commodious building for the college. The Government has also contributed a lakh of rupees towards this fund.

Our Principal, Mr. Maitra, is a candidate for the seat on the Bengal Council allotted to the University, and it is needless to say that we wish him every success.

The Scottish Churches College :—

The students staged Shakespeare's "Othello" on 3rd October just before the holidays. The performance was a grand success, everyone of the actors acquitting himself of his task most creditably. Special mention must be made of Sjts. Raghabendra Bannerjee and Naresh Chandra Mitter who in their respective characters of Othello and Iago showed themselves to the best advantage while Mr. A. Merces in the rôle of Desdemona was simply admirable. The success was mostly due to the efforts of Mr. Manchline, the Vice-President of the Dramatic Union, who took great troubles in the matter of coaching up of the players.

The Goabagan Working Man's Institute, managed solely by the students of the S. C. College, is helping the cause of *social service* to a great extent. Messrs. Gupta and Sen, the Secretaries for this session, are to be congratulated on the excellent manner of conducting the affairs of this Institution.

The different societies—the Literary, the Economic and the Scientific—connected with the college, are being managed with the usual characteristic vigour. It would be superfluous to point out in detail the various intellectual benefits conferred by these.

The first prize-distribution ceremony of the college comes off on the 29th November and His Excellency the Governor is expected to preside over the function.

NIRMAL KUMAR SIDDHANTA,
Fourth Year Class.

REVIEWS.

Rao Bahadur R. N. Mudholkar :—Published by G. A. Natesan & Co. Madras : **Kashinath Trimbak Telang : The man and his times.—**Published by V. N. Naik, M. A.

These are two of the latest additions to Mr. Natesan's excellent Indian Biographical Series. The former gives a short but full account of the many sided activities of the President-elect of the Indian National Congress, and as such is a most timely publication. The latter gives within a short compass an interesting exposition of the life and character of K. T. Telang, the great jurist, scholar and reformer. Each of these volumes, besides giving a succinct biographical sketch, contains copious extracts from the speeches and writings of the personages described. They eminently sustain the well-earned reputation of

Mr. Natesan as the most enterprising and patriotic Indian publishers. These small but excellent publications will prove valuable library of every patriotic Indian.

Bijoya—a new illustrated monthly magazine published from 20, Patuatola lane, Calcutta. The third issue is on our table and judging from the merits of the contents, the general get-up of the periodical, and above all the beautiful illustrations—two tri-coloured pictures—blocks done by the veteran artist Mr. G. N. Mukerji of the Mohila Press, the magazine may fairly take its rank amongst the many good monthlies of the day. Among the articles, those from the learned pen of Babu Bipin Ch. Pal are of special merit. In these days of renaissance of the Bengali Literature, such journals are only too welcome and we wish it all success.

NOTIFICATION.

BABU BRAJAMOHAN DUTT'S PRIZE ESSAY FOR INDIAN LADIES.

The following subject has been selected for Babu Brajamohan Dutt's Prize Essay of Rs. 45 (forty-five) for the year 1912-13 :—

Ideals of Women in Domestic Life.

The conditions for the award of the prize are—

- (1) That the competition be open to all educated women being natives of Bengal without regard to age.
- (2) That the prize be given for an essay to be written in either Bengali or Sanskrit.
- (3) That the essays be sent to the Central Text-book Committee for adjudication within six months of the date of advertisement.
- (4) That each essay be accompanied by a written declaration of the husband, parent or guardian of the competitor that to the best of his belief she has received no assistance of any kind, direct or indirect, in writing the essay.

Candidates are requested to send their essays not later than the 28th February 1913 to the Secretary to the Central Text-book Committee, Office of the Inspector of Schools, Presidency Division, 285, Bowbazar Street, Calcutta. The envelope containing the essay should be superscribed "Brajamohan Dutt's Prize Essay." The name of the successful competitor will be published in the *Calcutta Gazette*.

A lady who wins the prize in any year is not debarred from subsequent competition, and if the essay submitted by a competitor who has been previously successful adjudged to be the best, the name of such a competitor will be published in the Gazette as the winner of the competition. The actual prize will, however, in these circumstances be awarded to the competitor whose essay is adjudged to stand next in order of merit, provided that her essay comes up to the standard required by the next clause.

If none of the essays come up to a standard which is, in the opinion of the examiners, adequate, no prize will be awarded.

G. W. KUCHLER,
Director of Public Instruction, Bengal.

CALCUTTA,
The 1st September 1912.

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